Saturday Review

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By John Lear

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By Kenneth E. Boulding

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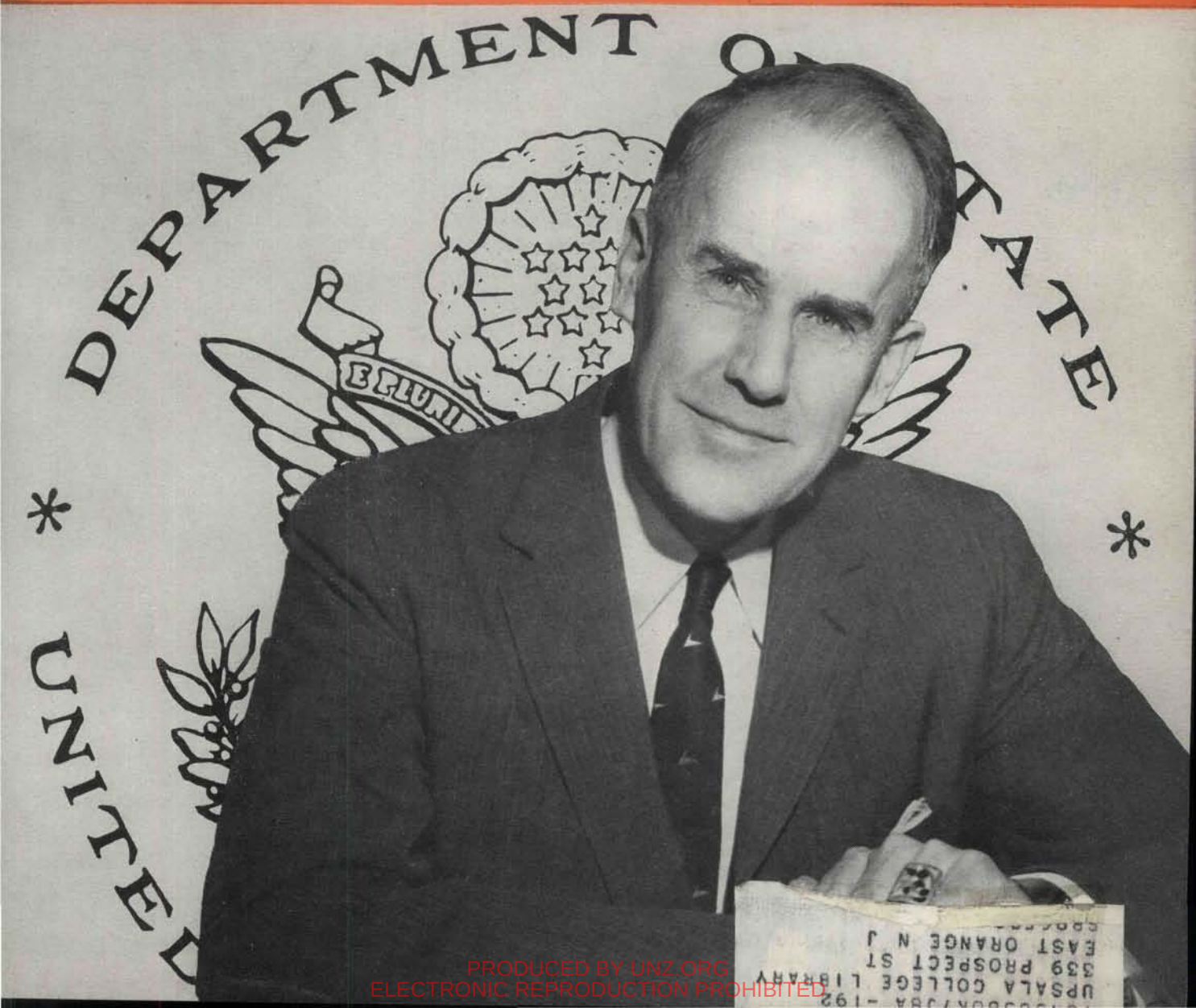

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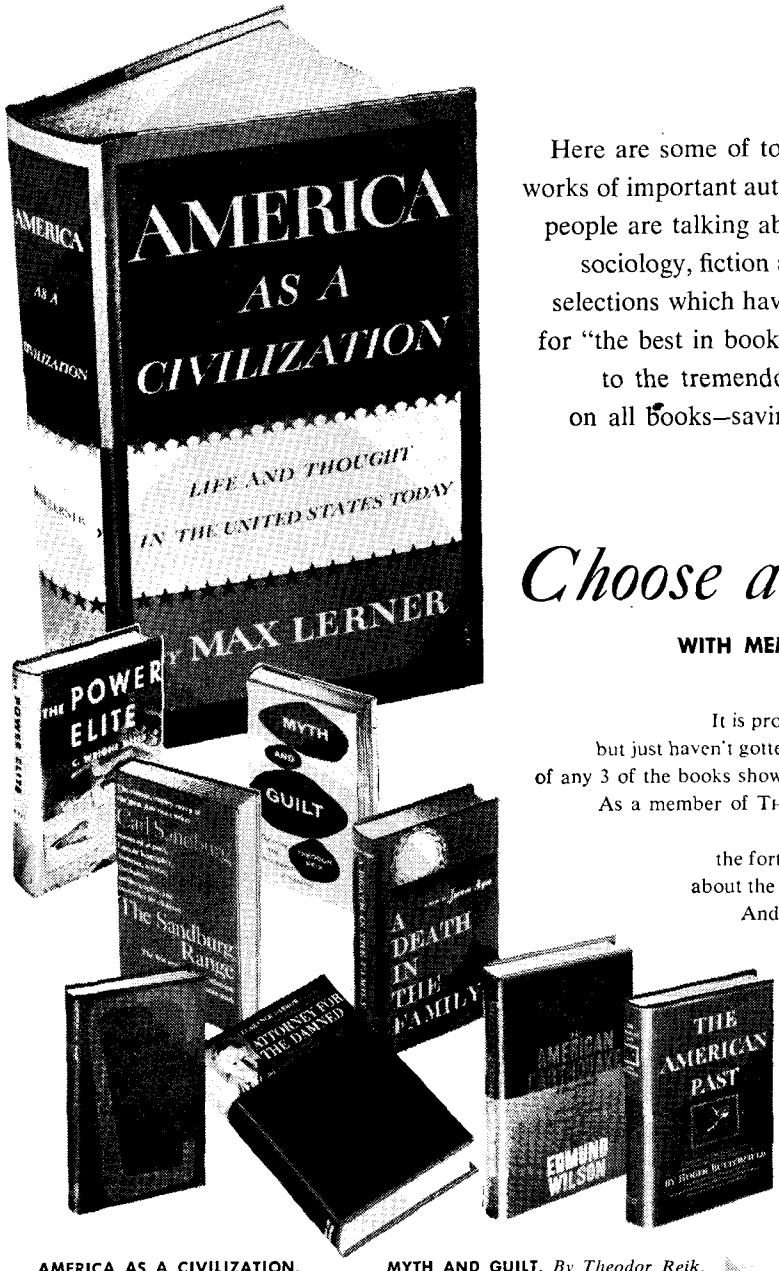

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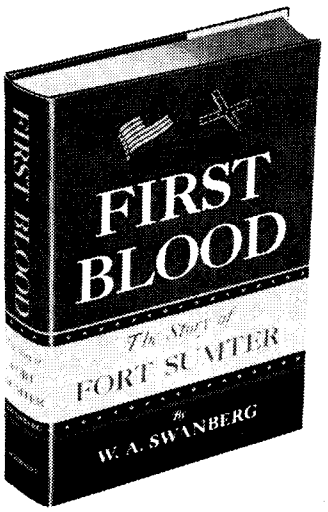

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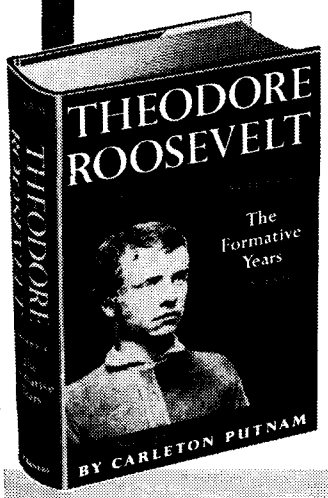

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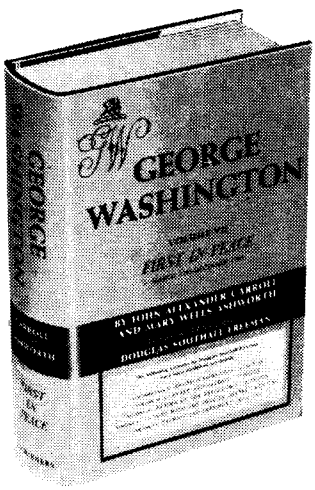

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 1, 1958

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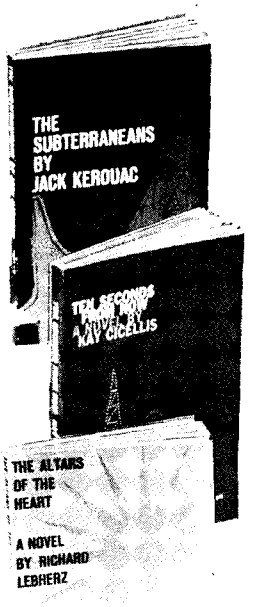

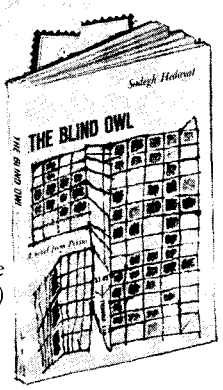

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

IN COMMON with many other authors in these parlous times, we spent the better part of January and February on a lecture tour. And, since our talks had to do with social history, we were perhaps most impressed with the fact that the old defensiveness on matters social—so much a part of the old Midwest and Far West—had not only completely disappeared, but also that in its place was an attitude which was so far from defensive as to be positively—well—offensive.

We were in the Midwest, for example, at the time when, at the El Rancho-O-Tel Motel in Carson City, Nevada, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt "Sonny" Whitney was marrying wife No. 4, while back at the farm, so to speak, at "Whitney House" in Old Westbury, Long Island, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney No. 3 was saying that as far as she and the State of New York were concerned Mr. Whitney's last divorce, let alone his next marriage, was no good.

All in all, when we were asked, in Detroit, Michigan, very evenly and indeed on the edge of sarcastically, what was our definition of a "good family," we could only reply that, in the East, it seems, a good family is one that used to be better.

• • One Midwestern businessman assured us that the only thing wrong with business was the fact that it still went in a wave across the country from East to Midwest to Far West. "When those guys in Wall Street get gloomy," he said, "it starts the thing, and then by the time they find out how we're doing, we're feeling their own damn gloom, of course." As for the state of Southern business, we also picked up a curious wrinkle on this score. The insurance companies evidently have a great deal of money invested in tax-exempt school bonds in the South, and they are very worried about the effect of such a law as that recently passed by Georgia which would permit the State to take schools out of the public system and make them "private." We hadn't given the matter much thought, but just when we might have been worried too, along came a reassuring bulletin on the subject from our old friend the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company of Boston. "Southerners are intelligent and realistic," the bulletin said. "Integration is one thing. Credit is another."

• • In Florida we hit the height of the vacation season—which, as far as that State is concerned, has been a very bad season indeed. Hotel business is off 30 per cent over last year and, during the month of January, there were not only three solid weeks of rain and cold but also only three warm, sunny days in all. (What about the rain insurance people?) The Florida papers, of course, did their unlevel best—no matter how bad the weather was they always found some obscure snowstorm in the North to headline—but their task became well-nigh hopeless when, in mid-February, they had a three-inch snowstorm of their own. Weather bureaus to the contrary, it is our theory that New England is permanently warmer in the winter and Florida permanently colder. (Florida papers please, period.) Moving to Jamaica, as so many Floridians did, we discovered still another business note. Jamaican natives, having heard there is a depression in the States, promptly take their tips down to the local banks and change them into Jamaican money.

• • One interesting story out of Miami was the strange case of Jimmy Foxx, the popular ex-Athletic, Boston Red Sox baseball slugger who was discovered to be living in abject poverty. But the story had, due to offers received after his TV appearances, a happy ending. Obviously the best way to make a fortune nowadays is to go publicly broke. It reminded us of an addition to our story on the funeral of Louis B. Mayer. It seems two Hollywood producers were present and one of them asked the other if he had ever seen so many people. The other nodded. "That's what I'm always telling you," he said. "If you give the public what they want, they'll go."

• • Out of Palm Beach the most shocking story was, of course, the untimely demise, by shotgun and by his own hand, of Robert R. Young. In a way the last of the self-made Moguls, yet small in size and called by his enemies "the smallest thing that ever came out of Texas," with a great desire to be liked, yet with an introspective, brooding personality, at times a poet and at others a fighting gamecock, Mr. Young always seemed to us a nineteenth-century man in a twentieth-century world. We do not hold with some of his Palm Beach friends that he was in dire straits financially—at worst he was down to his last six million—but we believe business editor Donald Rogers was on the right track when he declared that the one letter Mr. Young had opened on that fateful morning was from one of his small ("Aunt Jane," he called them) stockholders. "I loved you and trusted you," she wrote. "You betrayed me. You did not do what you said you would do." The promises Mr. Young lived by, and for that matter, won by, were, in the final analysis, promises which, rather than face the harsh facts of present-day railroading, he preferred to die by. Although he was often violent on the subject of Morgans and Vanderbilts, Mr. Young once told us that Newport and Palm Beach were "the last places in the world which, when you get right down to it, are known as still standing for something." It might be possible to add that Mr. Young's social goals, like his trains, were almost a century late.

• • Last month's column on chess brought us a number of letters, several from anti-chessers, which stressed the amount of poor sportsmanship in the game. Chess is, after all, perhaps the hardest of all games to lose at—you cannot say, even subconsciously, that the wind was against you or you held poor cards or your knee hurt. We liked best a paragraph from Albany's Joseph Gancher, a man who played for twenty years and then, just when he was playing his strongest, gave it up completely:

> There's the mouse-like type in everyday life who turns ferocious at the chessboard and aims to demolish his opponent, as though virtually hitting him. Then there's the frustrated would-be mental giant who thinks he'll prove himself a 200 I.Q. superman if he wins a chess game. Both of these types are most unpleasant in the way they take a loss and, man, let this psychoanalysis buff tell you that their name is legion. No, sir: chess isn't the thing for a man to be fooling around with if he's bothered by unlovely aspects of human personality. After all, war isn't deemed easy on the nerves, is it? And what is chess most often compared to?
>
> —CLEVELAND AMORY.

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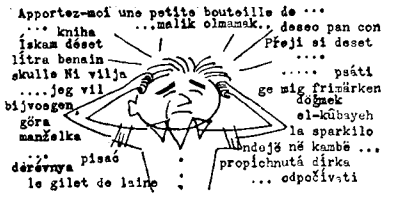
TRADE Winds

PROBABLY THE MOST popular Czechoslovakian writer today is Egon Hostovsky, whose latest book, "The Charity Ball," has just been published in this country. He has had many novels and collections of short stories published since he began writing as a young man in the 1930s. He has seen his works translated into many languages. But for the past ten years Egon Hostovsky, for political reasons, hasn't dared return to his native land, nor are his books sold there.

One result is that the author's warmest fans—his own people—can't



read his stuff. Even if they smuggled copies into the country it wouldn't help too much, because now none of Hostovsky's novels is published in their language. The other peculiar result is that while there is no point in publishing books in Czech that can't be sold in that country, the author still has to write them in Czech because, although he knows many languages, he can't create in any but his own.

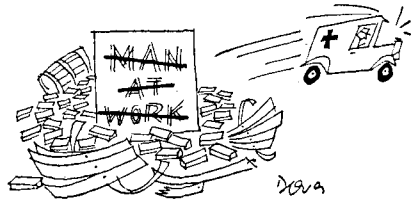
Therefore, Hostovsky, who lives in New York, thinks and writes on his Czech typewriter, has copies made, and then must find translators to put his work into various languages. His most successful book, "Missing," was written in Czech, published in English. The Scandinavian versions were taken from the original manuscript, but the Arabic and Spanish publishers had it translated from the English translation. Another novel was translated into French, from that into Portuguese. The worst thing that happened because of these confusing polyglottal affairs was when Hostovsky found a book of his that had been translated into Dutch a few years back. Whoever did it had changed the whole story from first to third person.

"I think I have only one or two books left in me," Hostovsky says. "This can't go on forever. I find myself out of touch with my native tongue, and I often have to search for words or phrases. My only consolation comes when I read some of the books coming out of Czechoslovakia today—they are so Russified. What I write sounds wonderful in comparison."

THE FOLLOWING LETTER was sent to me by someone who said he found it in a Calcutta publication, and that it was originally written by a bricklayer in Barbados to the firm for which he works:

"Respected Sir: When I got to the building, I found that the hurricane had knocked some bricks off the top, so I rigged up a beam with a pulley at the top of the building and hoisted up a couple of barrels of bricks. When I had fixed the building there was a lot of bricks left over. I hoisted the empty barrel back up again and secured the line at the bottom and then went up and filled the barrel with the extra bricks. Then I went to the bottom and cast off the line. Unfortunately, the barrel of bricks was heavier than I was and before I knew what was happening the barrel started down, and jerked me off the ground.

"I decided to hang on, and half way up I met the barrel coming down and received a severe blow on the shoulder. I then continued to the top, banging my head against the beam and getting my fingers jammed in the pulley. When the barrel hit the ground it bursted its bottom, allowing the bricks to spill out. I was now heavier than the barrel and so started down again at high speed. Half way down I met the barrel coming up and received severe injuries to my shins. When I hit the ground I landed on the bricks, getting several painful cuts from the sharp edges. At this point I must have lost my presence of mind, because I let go the line. The



barrel then came down, giving me another heavy blow on the head and putting me in the hospital.

"I respectfully request sick leave."

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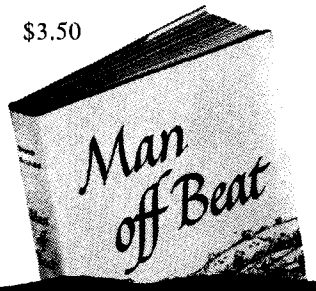

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"We are getting more daring with the mass market," says Kurt Enoch. "We don't know whether it's the result of people developing better reading habits, or of our underestimation of serious reading habits. There is always a market for Westerns, mysteries, and romances, but the serious books eventually outsell them, and basically this market is enormously underdeveloped. The American people are becoming reading fans."

Perhaps they are becoming Moslems, as well; 500,000 of them have bought the fifty-cent Mentor edition of the Koran.

I HAVE A COMMUNICATION from Mr. O. A. Battista of Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania. He recently entered Wanamaker's Book Store in Philadelphia and asked for a copy of "How To Enjoy Work and Get More Fun Out of Life." The obliging sales clerk led Mr. Battista to a pile of books and

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DUTTON

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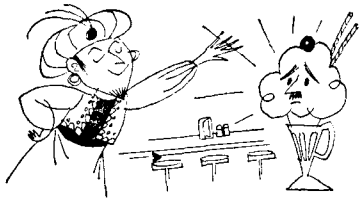
said, "Here, take one." Unhappily, it was a pile of books entitled "How to Get What You Want Out of Life," by an author named Reilly. When I say "unhappily," I mean from Mr. Battista's standpoint. It seems that *he* is the author of "How to Enjoy Work and Get More Fun Out of Life.

The only solution is for Mr. Battista to read Mr. Reilly's book, and find out how to get people to buy the right book, which is what Mr. Battista really wants out of life, more than fun.

IT SEEMS THIS guy who owned a candy store in the Bronx saw a blue flame pass through his shop, heard a crack,



and suddenly a genie appeared. The proprietor was frightened at first, but relaxed when the genie smiled.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm a genie."

"So what's a genie?"

"Why, I'm a magical person; I came to grant you a wish. Haven't you wished for something all your life?"

"Well, yes, I've always wanted to spend two weeks at Grossinger's with my wife and two kids, with all expenses paid."

"It's yours," said the genie.

"But who will run the candy store while I'm gone?" asked the prop.

"I will," the genie replied, and immediately the delighted owner began telling him . . . "The jelly beans are three for a cent . . . Peppermint patties go for two cents a piece . . . etc."

Next morning, while the genie was tying on his apron, the first customer appeared.

"Make me a chocolate malted," said the customer.

"Okay," said the genie, looking up from behind the counter. "You're a chocolate malted."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1248)

BYRON FARWELL:
(THE) MAN WHO PRESUMED

Battles were frequently prevented by Stanley's calm and peaceful attitude, a lesson he had learned from Livingstone. He often remained seated and smiling in the boat while spears were poised and savages screaming to kill him, only a few feet away.

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"That rare literary accomplishment—living history." — *The Chicago Tribune*

"**In that long-suffering, much abused genre,** the historical novel, there come along from time to time writers who lift it to a true art, producing books that give us the universal studies of human nature that any fine novel must contain, plus the added force and interest that come from interpreting to us something of the history of a time and a people. Such a writer, now, is Anya Seton, and such a book is her new novel, 'The Winthrop Woman.' "

— *Edmund Fuller, Saturday Review*

"This remarkable novel may destroy some ideas concerning our New England ancestors, for Anya Seton has established her point to the hilt in this intensely dramatic and fascinating novel."

— *Saturday Review Syndicate, Harrison Smith*

"**Cleaves as closely to the facts** as any fictional interpretation can hope to do. In deliberately devoting almost a third of the book to the life of the Winthrops in England in the last fourteen years before they emigrated to the colonies, the author set out to show the nature and mental climate of some of the New England colonists before they created that Yankee tradition which, despite all the succeeding waves of immigration, still modifies, if it does not determine, the New England of today." — *New York Times*

The Winthrop Woman

By Anya Seton

Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

$4.95

Houghton Mifflin Company

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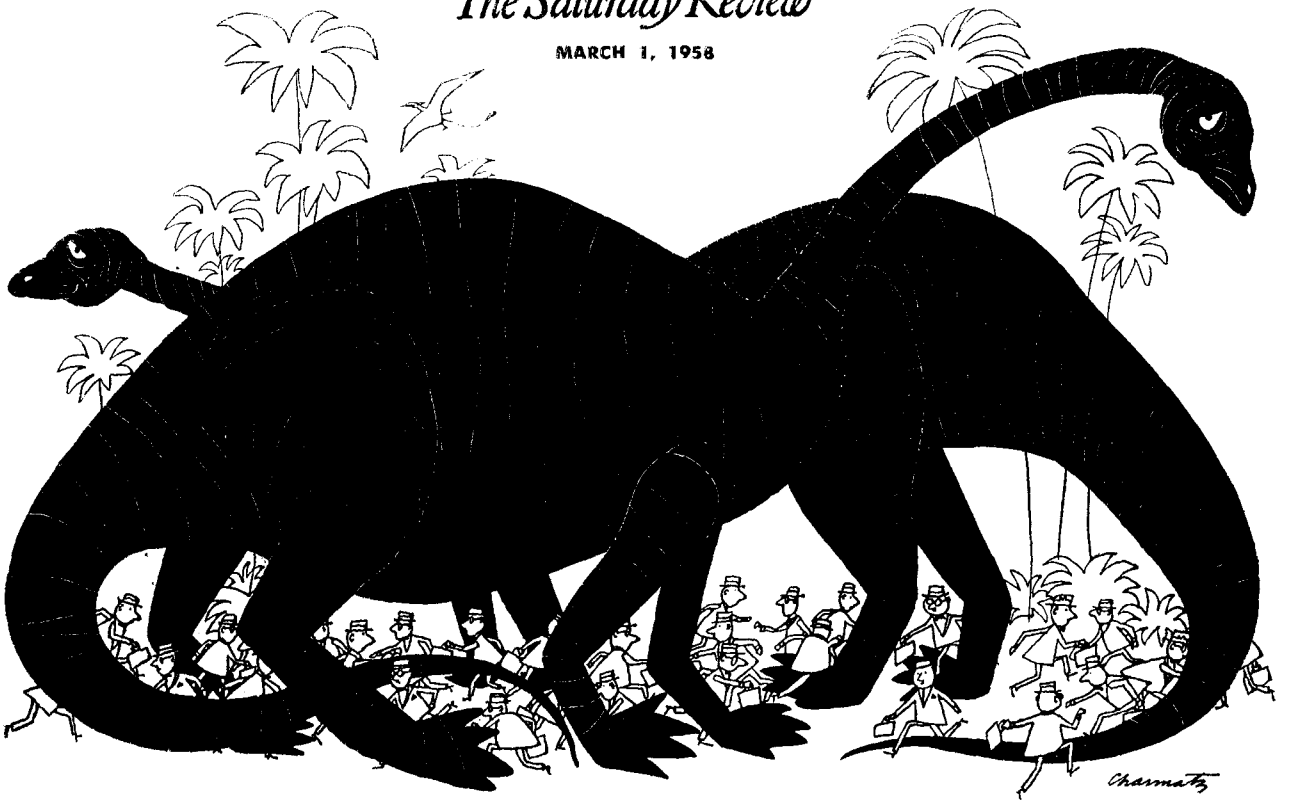
The Saturday Review
MARCH 1, 1958



THE JUNGLE OF HUGENESS

The Second Age of the Brontosaurus

The two thunder-lizards above are not really fighting; they're just sort of bumping around in what we call the "Free Enterprise System." Their enormous feet, however, would seem to endanger much smaller creatures. But it turns out, according to Dr. Boulding, professor of economics at the University of Michigan, that plenty of room still exists between the behemoths, or under them, for a careful man to thrive in. In other words, the Individual is not in as much peril as he often fears in the Second Age of the Brontosaurus.

By KENNETH E. BOULDING

THE *optimum* size of any organization depends on the *kind* of organization it is. The optimum size of the insect is probably somewhere between the ant and the bee; insects cannot be much bigger than the praying mantis or much smaller than mites. If they are too small there just isn't room for an adequate complexity of organization; if they are too big the external skeleton cannot stand up to the strains on it and the simple tubular breathing apparatus cannot provide enough oxygen.

The invention of the internal skeleton and the convoluted lung has enabled life to break through the scale barrier of the insect and grow as big as the brontosaurus and the blue whale. Even the blue whale, however, which is the largest living creature ever to have existed, buys its great size at the cost of confining itself to the water. A land animal that size would have to have legs bigger than itself! All these "returns to scale" phenomena arise because of a simple mathematical principle—that doubling, say, the lengths of a structure quadruples the areas and octuples the volumes. Hence, organisms are limited in size by what the theorist calls diminishing returns to scale, which might be more picturesquely labelled the Brontosaurus Principle, after one of its most distinguished exponents in the world of nature. This might be stated by saying that, up to a point, the bigger the better; beyond that point, the bigger the worse.

THIS principle applies to all structures—to buildings, poems, plays, and groups as well as to animals; however, it might not be so worrying if we were not still in the middle of something I have termed the Organizational Revolution, which is tending, in the case of corporations at least, toward

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FURTHER READING: *Studies on the "structural configuration of organizations" sound formidable, but they are not so necessarily. After all, it's fascinating to suppose that the Roman Empire, the General Motors Corporation, and the blue whale possess important qualities in common, and that mathematicians are attempting to express these qualities in useful formulas.*

CYBERNETICS. *By Norbert Wiener. Wiley (1948).* $3.50. The famous MIT mathematician's exposition of the pioneer science he named, an inquiry into the theory of enormously complex communications-devices like computers, their analogies to the human nervous system, and possible medical implications.

OF GROWTH AND FORM. *By D'Arcy Thompson. Cambridge (1952).* $18.50. A famous classic, rounding up the evidence of a score of sciences to show that all things which grow obey certain formal laws of structural relationship.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE EXECUTIVE. *By Chester Barnard. Harvard (1938).* $5. The former head of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company and the Rockefeller Foundation discusses the "administrative pyramid" and the duties of the man on top.

THE ORGANIZATIONAL REVOLUTION. *By K. E. Boulding. Harper (1953).* $3.50. Professor Boulding's expanded description of the internal changes within big corporations made necessary by the immense growth of an unprecedentedly prosperous society.

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ever greater degrees of hugeness. The electronic calculator, the punched card, operations research, and decision theory all point to a still further revolution in the making, to a still further removal of the scale barrier to the point, say, where General Motors (or the Pentagon, if by that time there is any distinction between the two) might absorb the *whole* American economy, and we would then have, of course, a Communist State.

The case for capitalism is the case for smallness of scale; the case against Communism is the case against the Brontosaurus—that beyond a certain point, increase in the scale of organization results in a breakdown of communications, in a lack of flexibility, in bureaucratic stagnation and insensitivity. There is a great deal of evidence to show that with present techniques of organization the scale barrier is reached long before we get to an organization the size of Soviet Russia, and that an attempt to organize a large economy as a one-firm-state is doomed to inefficiency, corruption, and cruelty.

At first sight, even in America, things look bad for the individual. The recent desecration of Walden Pond (and that by a quite small organization!) is a symbol, perhaps, of the precarious position of the individual in today's organizational world. There are science-fiction visions of a world in which every person occupies a coffin-shaped niche in a large, integrated world-organization, guided by mechanical communicators and decision-makers and constituting an effortless but unshakable tyranny based on exact knowledge of human behavior. Nevertheless, for us unreconstructed Thoreaus there are some small signs of hope. Perhaps we are not all doomed to become Organization Men: perhaps even men in organizations do not have to be Organization Men.

One sign of hope (for individualists, that is, and people who positively like smallness of scale) is that the scale barrier is not being pushed back as far, or as fast, as it looks at first sight. The scale barrier seems further removed when the organization moves in a serene and favorable environment than when things are difficult and fast decisions have to be made. The division of executive labor and the smooth transmissions of information through regular channels which is the essence of large-scale organization, and which seems at times capable of being expanded indefinitely, works well only as long as little essential information has to be carried, and as long as no crises jam the channels. The history of organizations follows a certain cyclical pattern of swell and collapse; when the environment is relatively smooth or easy, or before opposition has had time to form, the scale barrier falls away and great empires rise, from Alexander's to Sam Insull's. The "bigger the stronger" rule seems to prevail indefinitely, and the organization that happens to get a head start soon gobbles up all the littler and weaker ones. When heavy weather appears, however, the great unwieldy vessels break up, and it is the small and nimble that survive.

THERE are two major weaknesses of large-scale organizations, both of which are particularly likely to manifest themselves in heavy weather. The first is the breakdown of the internal communications system. The second is the tendency for "disloyalty" as a result of an insufficient proportion of "top places" in the society to satisfy those ambitious souls who wish to occupy them. An organization has been defined as a set of holes tied together with largely invisible lines of communication. The hole is a "role," or "job," or "position" occupied by a person acting in a certain capacity. It is the role rather than the person that is important, as witnessed by the fact that if a person vacates a role as a result of death or other transfers, promotions, demotions, or firings, another person must be found to fill the role if the *same* organizational structure is to continue.

The *behavior* of a role-occupant depends on the nature of the image which he has formed of the state of the organization, its environment, and of his own responsibilities in relation to it. The survival of the organization is highly dependent on the accuracy of the images, especially of the occupants of the upper roles; if their picture of the organization and its environment is far from the truth, they will be setting policies and making decisions for a wholly imaginary organization and the real organization is likely to fall apart. The images of the upper role-occupants, however, are dependent on messages received from the lower ranks of the hierarchy. By and large it is the humbler members of an organization which come into direct contact with its environment—the sales clerks, the factory operatives, the parish priests, the private soldiers, the instructors. Between them and the top roles—the presidents, the generals, or the Pope—lies the information-filter of the hierarchy. One of the main functions of organization is to *prevent* information from reaching the executive; all the way up the hierarchy information is lost by condensation and abstraction although, supposedly, relevant knowledge is returned. In the process, however, there are abundant opportunities for distortion.

This happens not only because of the natural frailties and incapacities of the human organism as an information and knowledge transmitter but also because of the *dependency* of the lower ranks of the hierarchy on the higher. A "boss" depends for his proper functioning on information supplied to him by the "bossed," and yet the bossed depend on the boss for their jobs, their possible promotion, and possibly their livelihood. It is not surprising, therefore, that the boss often receives the information that his subordinates think will please him, rather than what they think is true. Distortion of information as it passes up the hierarchy

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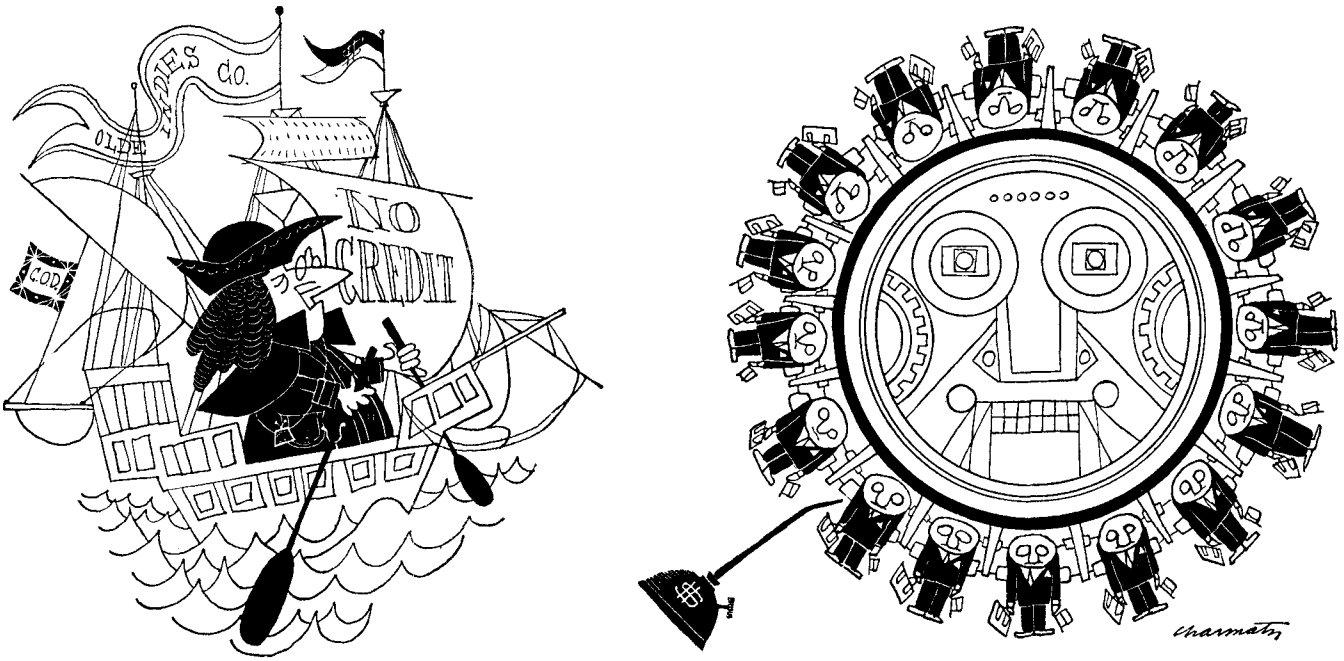
would therefore seem almost inevitable. The bigger the organization, moreover, the more stages there must be in the hierarchy, and the more distortion of information and of images there will be. The top executive gets increasingly divorced from the realities of his own organization, as he is protected from information by an ever-increasing apparatus of subordinates, secretaries, staff, and protocol, and as he becomes removed by an ever-increasing number of layers of the hierarchy from the sources of information in the lower ranks.

THE communications breakdown is particularly likely to take place in a time of crisis and difficulty, when environments are changing fast and rapid adjustments have to be made to them. Then the normal channels of communication between the ranks of the hierarchy "jam" hopelessly, and it becomes virtually impossible for those at the top to find out what is really happening. Even after extensive historical research it is often difficult to know just what happened in a battle; the ignorance of commanding officers at the time usually verges on the complete. Similarly a bank in a financial crisis, a church in a reformation, or a university in a Congressional investigation provide examples of hopelessly jammed communications systems. This phenomenon incidentally illustrates an important proposition in the theory of organization—that playfulness, informal communications, and even extravagance and wastefulness in "normal" times give an organization survival value in times of crisis, for they develop and keep open spare channels of communication and reserves of energy which can be drawn upon for "serious" purposes in time of crisis. The greatest threat to survival can easily be efficiency.

The second factor that hampers the growth of large-scale organizations is the development of factionalism and disloyalty. The bigger the organization, the smaller the proportion of its members who can really be at the top of the hierarchy and participate in the major decisions, and the larger the proportion who must be subordinates and must carry out policies which are set higher up. There seems to be a certain limiting proportion of the human population who cannot be content with a subordinate position, and who will cause trouble unless they are "top dog." The larger this proportion, the smaller will be the equilibrium size of organizations, for large organizations will simply be torn apart by the unsatisfied, would-be top dogs. Thus, suppose that 1 per cent of the population consists of people who cannot be happy unless they are in a number-one position in an organization: it is fairly clear that the average size of organization cannot be much more than 100 people: if the average organization is larger than this there will be enough unsatisfied top dogs in the society to tear some of the existing organizations apart or to start new ones which inhibit the growth of the old ones. To some extent the unsatisfied top dogs can be bought off, if large organizations are more efficient than small ones so that they can provide rewards to those who must remain in subordinate positions sufficient to compensate them for their loss of independence. The cost of buying off the unsatisfied top dogs, however, grows with the size of the organization, and very large organizations have to be much more efficient than small ones if they are to be able to make this compensation. This is a limitation on scale which is hard to break through. Only in a culture which produces a large proportion of submissive, subordinate-minded people would it be removed.

THERE is yet another reason for believing that small organizations, even down to the level of the independent person, will survive even in a world of large-scale organizations. This reason might be tagged the Principle of Interstices. In a pile of large stones, especially if these are fairly regular and round in shape, there will be interstices—holes which can be occupied by stones of smaller sizes, right down to grains of dust. It is a striking fact in the biological world that the development of larger organizations does not lead to the disappearance of the smaller; in the great equilibrium of the ecological system there seems to be room for organizations of all sizes; big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*. Similarly in the Great Forest of society: in and around the large organizations there still survive swarms of smaller ones in

(*Continued on page* 50)



TWO BUSINESS WORLDS: In the Renaissance an entrepreneur often had neither partners nor insurance. His business personality was an extension of his private personality; his whole fortune, like Antonio's in "The Merchant of Venice," might be wagered on one argosy. These days the Organization possesses a life-force of its own; but human servitors may come to feel like sprockets on a camshaft.

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FICTION

Despair of All Mankind

"Angry Harvest," by Hermann Field and Stanislaw Mierzenski *(Crowell. 491 pp. $5), written by an American social worker and a Polish journalist in their prison cell, tells the story of a Polish farmer who briefly befriends a young Jewish girl.*

By Dr. Edith Bone

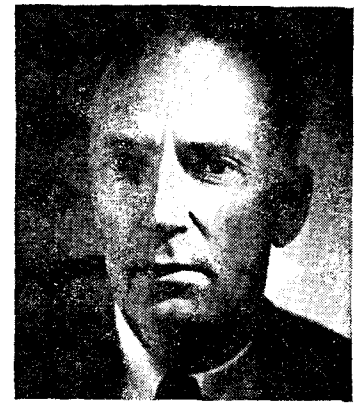
THIS novel was written in a prison cell by two authors whose connection with one another was merely the community of being locked up in the same prison cell by the same secret police. One of them is an American, Quaker by origin, Harvard graduate by education, architect by profession and social worker by choice; the other a Pole, a Catholic, a college-trained agronomist by profession, a journalist by choice. Both were arrested by the Polish secret police and held in solitary confinement until one day the American's cell door opened to admit a fellow-prisoner, the Pole. The American knew no Polish, the Pole no English. But they both knew German and so these cell-mates, deprived of books, of writing materials, of music, of fresh air, of exercise, of knowledge of the world outside, of all normal means of occupying their minds, decided to write a novel together.

The result was "Angry Harvest." Indeed the title is apt. But on the surface the book has nothing to do with captivity other than the captivity of men to their own appetites, passions, fears, and feelings of inferiority and guilt.

The setting of the novel is the Polish countryside under German occupation; but the Germans merely form the canvas on which the tapestry is embroidered, without themselves appearing in the story. They provide the strain under which the true nature of the characters pierces the habitual mask of self-deception.

The central character—not even in a figurative sense could one call him the hero—is Leon, a prosperous farmer, formerly butler's boy in the local manor-house, who aspires to be the butler and to receive his orders from the lady herself and no longer from another servant. But the squire has a better future in mind for him—he is sent to school and destined some day to manage the estate distillery. Later he benefits by the impoverishment of his former master and acquires part of the manor land for himself. He is greedy, ignorant, superstitious, cowardly, ambitious, and constantly at odds with himself because he wants to eat his cake and have it too. Close-fisted, he wants to be thought generous; dishonest, he wants to appear honest and sincere even in his own eyes; he pities the Jews but buys for a song the blood-stained property looted from their destroyed homes. He takes part in the conspiracies of the Polish underground, partly from fear of what would happen to him if he refused, partly because of ambitious dreams of some great reward after the war, but he fancies himself as a patriot. His apparent piety is superstition and an insurance against misfortune, his apparent generosity calculation, his love desire that turns into hatred and contempt towards its object as soon as it is sated.

One day, in the forest near the village, Leon comes upon Rosa, a young and pretty Jewish girl, survivor of one of the many massacres of Jews by the Germans. Her whole family has perished, except one brother, with whom she fled and from whom she was separated by an accident. Alone in the forest, cold, hungry, lost, in peril of her life, she accepts Leon's offer of temporary shelter. Leon hides her in a secret cellar under a room in the farmhouse. No one save himself knows of the existence of this cellar, not even the two farm hands who work for him. He is middle-aged, still unmarried, and lives alone in the farmhouse. Pretending to himself that he is motivated by a generous disposition



Hermann Field (top) and Stanislaw Mierzenski—". . . community of . . . prison."

THE REVIEWER: Dr. Edith Bone, Communist of thirty years' standing, courier, translator, propagandist, seemed an unlikely choice for Communist arrest. Yet in 1949, while attempting to return to England, sixty-one years old and a British subject, Dr. Bone was kidnapped by the Budapest secret police and charged with espionage. Her account of her imprisonment, **"Seven Years' Solitary"** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50), tells of the deprivation and torture of her lonely years in solitary confinement. Most of all it tells of her ingenious battle against boredom. She passed the long prison hours by taking leisurely, imaginary walks in each of the cities she had known. She recited poetry, translating each poem into as many languages as she could remember. Three years after her arrest, her captors returned her eyeglasses and permitted her to use paper and pencil. She learned ancient Greek and higher mathematics. From bits of glutenous black bread she constructed an abacus on which she calculated the journey home to England, pacing the distance, mile by mile, across the 4′ 6″ width of her cell. During the Hungarian Revolution of 1956, Dr. Bone was rescued by the freedom fighters. She has returned now, in fact, to England, to the Old Apiary, her cottage outside of London. Of her homecoming, Dr. Bone has written, "I faced life afresh at sixty-eight, a Rip Van Winkle in reverse, changed beyond recognition, much less sad, perhaps a little wise and full of hope."

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and pity for the girl's plight, he conceives a short-lived passion for her. After several unsuccessful attempts, he finally makes his guest his mistress by playing upon her fears of being driven out into the forest again, to perish alone as her whole family has perished. He promises her marriage "after the war," but soon tires of her. The jeopardy in which her presence puts him and the precautions he is forced to take because of it are by now too heavy a burden and the prospect of a much better match beckons him on, although this prospect exists only in his imagination. Brutally he tells her that she must go, adding lamely that it is in her own interest and assuring her that he has found a safer hiding-place for her. But Rosa disbelieves him. She pretends to agree to his plan, climbs down into her underground lair and opens her veins. Leon, who has gone out to complete the preparations, returns to find her dead. Shocked by the discovery, he impulsively first promises the corpse to follow her, but soon dissuades himself.

Like Leon, the other characters are motivated by greed and self-interest thinly disguised by rationalizations which deceive no one but themselves.

It is strange that men in captivity should carry such a monstrously distorted picture of the outside world in their minds. What awful experience must it have been which made them despair so of all mankind!

Elite-Beat Generation

***"Young Mr. Keefe," by Stephen Birmingham** (Little, Brown. 369 pp. $3.95), is a first novel about the difficulties that confront a marriage in rarefied New England society.*

By Siegfried Mandel

THIS fiction-season promises to bring an unusual number of newcomers to the novelist fold. Inevitably there will be a weeding out accompanied by critical brickbats and bouquets, and a survival of not necessarily the fittest. Among the young novelists, Stephen Birmingham deserves to belong to the survivors. This may not be an easy thing, for Mr. Birmingham strikes an unfashionable note of optimism in rescuing his main character, "Mr. Keefe," from a whirl of lust and despair that is ready to engulf him if he were to follow the line of least resistance.

Recently Jack Kerouac was crowned laureate of a "beat generation" although he largely confined himself to the bohemians. The same generation has other stratas as Mr. Birmingham demonstrates by his dissection of an upper-crust New England set. The Keefes are firm believers in a social and economic caste system viewing everyone outside their circle as untouchables, to be tolerated but not associated with. When young Jimmy Keefe marries a notch below his station, his mother sinks the needle of scorn into the bride's sensibilities and hopes to break up the unacceptable marriage.

Even without this needling and other impositions by the Keefe clan, the marriage has its sharp edges that sever the bond between Helen and Jimmy. When Helen confesses a shocking experience to Jimmy and pleads for understanding, he is not strong enough to face it realistically so that their separation is a matter of course. Jimmy has failed to penetrate into her inmost thoughts which help to explain her lack of response: "I am a private person . . . I am afraid to be known, to be seen, to expose the horror within me, afraid to confide in people until I am sure they love me." In stark, simple lines Mr. Birmingham captures the subtleties of their relationship.

Into the vacuum of Jimmy's life zoom two old college chums, Blazer and Claire Gates, also marooned in California, who compose a trio that manages to twist each other's nerves into tangles. Claire regrets her marriage to Blazer, a salesman far below her station, and tries to relive the gay childhood and campus days by snaring Jimmy. Here novelist Birmingham shows his mettle in characterizing a woman whose moods change from kittenish exhibitions to vicious gyrations as she drives Blazer to doom and sobers Jimmy enough to make the long, hard way back to Helen.

If the ability to take fairly simple situations and give them scope and depth mean anything, Stephen Birmingham really has set the pace for this season's first novelists. He has artfully fashioned a solid experience for readers out of a web of sentiment.

The Quick Insight

***"Prize Stories 1958," edited by Paul Engle and Curt Harnack** (Doubleday, 312 pp. $3.95), is the thirty-eighth collection of short stories in the O.Henry Memorial Award Series.*

By Stanley Kunitz

AFTER several years of decline, there are faint but perceptible signs of an upswing of interest in the short story on the part of readers, writers, and publishers. Although the popular magazines continue to devote less of their space than formerly to fiction, and though the little magazines, which used to serve as literary breeding-grounds, can scarcely be said to flourish in profusion, it is becoming apparent that young writers can still establish their reputation by coping with the briefer form and that publishers are no longer quite so adamant about rejecting books of short stories by unestablished authors.

In his introduction to this thirty-eighth volume in the O. Henry Memorial Award Series, Paul Engle, who has been its editor for the past five years, observes that women tend to excel as short-story writers in the United States—witness Jean Stafford, Eudora Welty, Katherine Anne Porter, Carson McCullers, Flannery O'Connor, Nancy Hale, Elizabeth Enright, Hortense Calisher, etc.—and speculates that "in its quick insight, its giving of great meaning to a casual gesture, the short story is inevitably close to woman's nature." Such an observation would not have seemed particularly pertinent in the Twenties and Thirties, when the short story form was really kicking up the dust; the degree of its current relevance is the product, I suspect, of a passing phase.

The present collection, though it contains a few slight narratives, offers in its totality a more pleasurable and satisfying reading experience than do most contemporary novels. First prize for the best short story is awarded to Martha Gellhorn for "In Sickness as in Health," an expertly developed and psychologically perceptive study of an invalid wife; her sensitive, decent, rather weak husband, and his gallant young mistress. Miss Gell-

(*Continued on page* 30)

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A Typical Whig Peer

"Portrait of a Golden Age: Intimate Papers of the Second Viscount Palmerston, Courtier Under George III," by Brian Connell *(Houghton Mifflin. 488 pp. $6.50), offers a picture of "a good-natured, poetical, stuttering Viscount" who was a friend of Fox, Reynolds, Garrick, and Gibbon. Robert Halsband, author of "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," assesses the Palmerston papers for us.*

By Robert Halsband

ALTHOUGH most fathers of famous men glow only with reflected glory, the second Viscount Palmerston—father of Queen Victoria's Prime Minister—glows with a little of his own. For besides his son, he left as a barrier against oblivion a tremendous mass of personal writings. He was a tireless keeper of diaries and travel journals, compiler of engagement calendars and lists, and saver of bills, inventories, and letters. This collection of papers, kept for 150 years in one of the stately homes of England, has luckily escaped fire, mice, and auction.

From it Brian Connell has carved out what he calls a "posthumous autobiography." (This is not quite accurate, for he occasionally uses letters written to Palmerston.) The most engrossing parts are the Paris journal for the summer of 1791—which was printed about seventy years ago—and Palmerston's impressions of Emma Hamilton and the ill-fated Princess of Wales; the dullest are his political notes, dry and monotonous. But most of the book falls between these extremes, and achieves only a middling interest.

It includes the journals of Palmerston's travels in England and on the Continent, and near the end of his life a sojourn in Ireland; but he seems to have written these out of a sense of duty rather than an exuberance of curiosity and self-expression. By means of letters we are told only a little about his first marriage, which ended with his wife's death after two years, and a great deal about his second; both were happy matches, and both lack the stuff of drama. His activities as a connoisseur, his purchases of pictures and statuary, his extensive house-and-gardening enthusiasms are pleasant to read about and are no doubt interesting data in the history of taste.

Confronted by this book the reader may ask whether it has any value beyond the antiquarian and historical. "To the interests of a Boswell, a Baedeker, and a Hansard," Mr. Connell writes (somewhat bathetically), "Palmerston added in his diaries precise meteorological notes for more than twenty years." If he can be allowed some value as an observer of landscape and town or as a Parliamentarian observer, he hardly deserves to be classed with Boswell. His sedate and unimaginative mind did not fit him for such a role. "A good-natured, poetical, stuttering Viscount" is how Mrs. Sheridan described him. Like Boswell, he met many of the most interesting people of his day; but how did he treat them in his journals? He dined with Fox, Reynolds, Garrick, and others of that brilliant set; his memorial is a list of their names.

In Lausanne he called on Gibbon twice, the second time for an hour. Gibbon, he recorded, "is in extreme good spirits, but is a good deal altered." This meant something to him, not to us. His greatest naïveté appears after he had conversed on philosophical subjects with Haller and some others: "I could not help feeling sometimes mortified at my own ignorance and thinking that there is a kind of superiority which books give one better than horses." If he lacks the genius of a Boswell, he still has an interest, of much lower voltage, as a typical member of the Whig aristocracy.

In compensation for his frequently flat writing, his second wife's letters reflect a more lively and expressive mind. In Paris during the Reign of Terror she thought the "air of ferocity and self-created consequence in the common people very uncomfortable." And she could relate an anecdote skilfully. "Do you never read?" Lady Plymouth asked a Neapolitan Princess. "No," was the reply, "I have asked my husband these two years for a book, and he never will let me have one." (Palmerston himself collected anecdotes, some of them reeking of the smoking room; and samples are given in the book.) If Lady Palmerston had enjoyed her husband's opportunities—instead of merely enjoying her country domesticities—she would probably be worthy of a volume herself.

In putting together this book Mr. Connell disarms criticism by claiming only to have "compiled" the portrait

"It's the most beautiful 'coming-to-terms-with-our-civilization' book I've ever read. I suggest we hold off publishing it until you've had a chance to write a few really devastating attacks on society. *Then* you can come to terms with it.

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from Palmerston's papers. This he has done neatly enough; his transcription is smooth, and his narrative bridges carry the reader across the gaps. Unfortunately, he has not sufficiently elucidated the materials, much of which reads like the raw documents printed in the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. The general reader—to whom this book is addressed—must fortify himself with a shelf of reference books or remain ignorant on many points of teasing interest.

But Mr. Connell cannot be blamed for the inaccurate title of the book, which in England was called "Portrait of a Whig Peer." It is true that he writes of Palmerston's son: "the down of that golden age was on his cheeks and the exquisite grace of its manners were [*sic*] to remain his hallmark." An age that endured the Seven Years' War, the American and French Revolutions, the Reign of Terror, and the beginning of the Napoleonic Wars was gory, not golden. And does the life of an unremarkable aristocrat typify the whole age?

The fine, varied illustrations, glossy and attractive in the English edition, are gray and stodgy in this one.

Lorenzo in Chaos

"The Selected Letters of D. H. Lawrence," edited with an introduction by Diana Trilling *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 322 pp. $4.50), consists of 180 letters drawn from various sources. Poet Richard Aldington, who reviews them, is author of "D. H. Lawrence: Portrait of a Genius."*

By Richard Aldington

WHAT is the purpose of this book? The editor does not say, but it is a fair inference that any mere selection from an author's work will be read mainly by beginners, not by experts, who will not need it. The blurb-writer (whose statements must not be foisted on the editor) says the book attempts to supply "an outline of Lawrence's life—how he lived and where and what he was doing." Seeing that almost every letter Lawrence wrote carried that sort of information, any random selection would achieve the same result. It would not give, and Diana Trilling's selection does not give, an accurate outline because of inevitable omissions and wrong emphases.

Thus, we have at the outset three letters to Rachel Annand Taylor and none to Helen Corke, who is mentioned merely in a footnote (by Harry T. Moore, who describes her as "a writer" when she was in fact a schoolteacher and Lawrence's colleague at Croydon from 1909 to 1912), so that the unguided reader would naturally infer that Mrs. Taylor was important in Lawrence's life and writings and Miss Corke insignificant. In fact Mrs. Taylor was only a literary acquaintance whose beautiful sonnets Lawrence rightly admired, and he lec-

D. H. Lawrence—". . . a born copycat."

tured on her. She appears, for those who know how to look, in thin disguise at the very end of "The White Peacock"—marvelously mimicked, but only for a moment. Helen Corke was not only a close companion, but inspired one of his best early novels. Not to multiply examples, Maurice Magnus and that unfortunate affair which gave Lawrence so much annoyance are not even mentioned; and his relations with Douglas and Orioli only glimpsed. Again, from the persons to whom the letters are addressed a beginner would get the impression that Lawrence spent much of his time with aristocrats and wealthy persons, whereas it was a mere phase in England (July, 1914, to December, 1915); thereafter he was in remote cottages or abroad. To anybody who knows the facts this selection becomes a sort of Lorenzo in chaos.

Moreover, without editorial guidance (which he doesn't get) a beginner is very likely to receive false impressions from the bare text of letters. Like his father, Lawrence suffered from an obstinate perversity which made him wantonly offend people. Thus in his letters to the vegetarian and Buddhistic Brewsters, D. H. L. flaunts his fleshpots and almost avows a *Blutbrüderschaft* with tigers. He was also—and this is most important—a wonderful mimic, "a born copycat" as David Garnett put it. He had the lower-class Englishman's derisive contempt for the pretentiousness of his self-styled and self-important "betters." But he extended this to practically everybody he met, and consequently his books are peopled with vivid, malicious "portraits" of the worst sides of his friends. To do Lawrence a favor was virtually an invitation to be satirized. However, it is a pleasing fact that nobody is more ruthlessly satirized by him than himself, for example, as Birkin in "Women in Love" and Richard Somers in "Kangaroo."

Incidentally, the tricky if fruitless game of identification of Lawrence characters is not always easy for outsiders. Thus Violet Hunt was not, as Mr. Moore states, "the wife" of Ford Madox Hueffer, for they were never legally married though they lived together. The "Grace ———" in the same letter, whom he and Mrs. Trilling cannot identify, was Grace Rhys, wife of Ernest Rhys, the editor of the Everyman Library.

A much more important matter of which readers coming fresh to Lawrence should be warned is that his feelings over the backslidings of the wicked frequently surpassed all reasonable bounds, and the violence of his language exceeded his feelings. Lawrence was perfectly prepared to insult his friends outrageously at night and come down to breakfast next morning blithely willing to forgive them. The trouble is that most of them hadn't Frieda's capacity for love, and were mortally offended.

Nevertheless he was also a very great artist and a very great man, an incomparable evoker of the spirit of place who brought the world alive for those who could respond, so that in his company one seemed to breathe not air but oxygen. "Everything he met," says Frieda in her book, "had the newness of a creation just that moment come into being." That quality in his life, in his books, and in the best of his letters was his supreme gift to the world.

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The Real Thomas

—*Portrait by Alfred Janes.*

Dylan Thomas: ". . . angry when I am humble."

"Letters to Vernon Watkins," by Dylan Thomas; edited with an introduction by Vernon Watkins *(New Directions. 140 pp. $3), unlike the biographies of the late poet by his widow, Caitlin Thomas, and John Malcolm Brinnin, show the Welshman "at home in himself."*

By John Ciardi

ONE of the strangest facets of Dylan Thomas's personality was his power to create a sense of intimacy in those around him. Despite the fact that his visits to these shores were brief and stormy passages, the country is sown from coast to coast with people who honestly think of him as an intimate friend, usually after no more than one or two drinks together. Something about the man involved people in him in an intensely personal way.

It is part of a Thomas pattern that the two biographies of him published to date have been more personal to the writers than to Thomas as the subject. John Malcolm Brinnin, Thomas's lecture manager and much-abused friend, was first in the field, but Brinnin had been accused after Thomas's death by rumors as outrageous as they were baseless, and he unfortunately, though understandably enough, seems to have been at least as much concerned to defend himself as he was to portray Thomas. Caitlin Thomas, following with her own intensely personal reactions, in "Leftover Life to Kill" [*SR* Oct. 12, 1957], was certainly too close to the turmoil of Thomas's death for anything like a balanced portrait, and certainly one cannot fail to sense that what she wrote was partly motivated by her anger at Brinnin's book, "Dylan Thomas in America" [*SR* Nov. 19, 1955].

With such cross-motives at work, it is small wonder to find that Thomas is lost in the shuffle, and inevitable that his more sensational antics should take over the writing. The letters to Vernon Watkins, close friend and admired fellow-poet, are most valuable as a first redressing of the balance. The correspondence began in April, 1936, and continued with some regularity to the end of 1948. There is one brief final note dated 29 December 1952. Significantly, the period before Thomas began his American barnstorming.

Unfortunately, not all of the letters survive, but there are still enough to allow a real look into the life of what might be called the pre-sensational Thomas of those Welsh country days when he was forming that poetic certainty of which only he and Watkins seemed then to be sure. Thomas sent Watkins handwritten drafts of poems, and Watkins not only criticized them but made typescript copies for Thomas, who seems to have lacked every sort of mechanical aptitude.

But beyond making available a number of early drafts of what are now well-known poems, the correspondence reveals better than anything published to date what must certainly emerge as the real Thomas; not the Thomas fed up with the platform life he more than half-hated, but the poet and friend at home in himself. That anger Thomas came to feel for his audiences was with him as early as 1938. As he wrote in February of that year:

> I was in London last week, and read some poems to night students at the University. I didn't like the people at all; some looked like lemons, and all spoke with the voices of puddings. I detest the humility I should have, and am angry when I am humble.

That detestation was to become a consuming rage in later years, but the general tone of these letters, with few exceptions, is warm and easy. There is Thomas's loathing of his own endless poverty (luckily, Watkins had a job and was always good for a touch) as in his letter of 28 May 1941:

> Thank you for the letter . . . and the round silver trash. Filthy, damned stuff, the halfcrown was the only lovely money I'd seen for a week and more. And it's still all I've seen. This is getting ridiculous. The joke has gone too far. It isn't fair to be penniless *every* morning. Every morning but one, okay; but no, *every* morning.

And there is one of those riotous incidents that were to become almost a trademark of the later Thomas legend. The account is enclosed with a letter dated 28 October 1944 and is labeled "On Not Turning Up to Be Best Man at the Wedding of One's Best Friend." Thomas had raced madly from Coventry to London for the wedding only to find on arrival that he could not remember the name of the church. To complicate matters further, he mislaid his letter of apology and did not come upon it, unmailed, until twenty-six days after the wedding. But no matter: Watkins understood and forgave all.

And in response to such friendship, at ease within it, it is the warmth and honesty of Thomas that emerges. There is humor:

> My novel blathers on. It's a mixture of Oliver Twist, Little Dorrit, Kafka, Beachcomber, and good old 3-adjective-a-penny belly-churning Thomas, the Rimbaud of Cwmdonkin Drive.

There is the give and take of criticism as he writes of one of Watkins's poems:

> From the first time I saw the poem shaping, I've felt the line to be wrong. . . . The rhythm is one I myself have used to death, and my feeling against it is perhaps overpersonal. The line is so stridently an opening line: tum tum tum, all the wheels and drums

(*Continued on page* 31)

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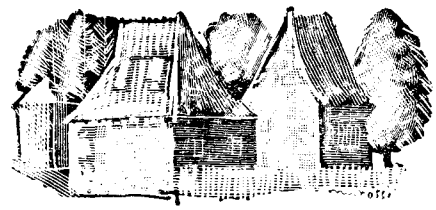
ENGLAND

Presentment of Englishry



"My Aunt's Rhinoceros," by Peter Fleming *(Simon & Schuster. 243 pp. $3.50), is a collection of psychological vignettes from* The Spectator *in the tradition of Addison and Steele. Our reviewer, Anne Fremantle, who edited "Wynne Diaries," though born in England, is now an American citizen.*

By Anne Fremantle

ADULTS sometimes wonder what has happened to the essay; after struggling with it during school, and college, it vanishes: no use for it appears at all in life. And yet what is the columnist's column but an essay? And what else the splendid literary perorations of such masters as Edmund Wilson and Lionel Trilling? Even religion uses the essay: from Bishop Sheen to Martin Buber the essay rears its undying head. But it is England, above all, that is the natural habitat of the essay, and there it lingers longest: and where does it flourish most successfully? Where it first was found, in the pages of *The Spectator*. Peter Fleming writes weekly therein essays that "are regularly included in textbooks intended to further the study of English prose," so his book-jacket blurbs. And certainly his essays are "presentment of Englishry" as sure, as literate, and as topical today as ever were those of Addison and Steele.

They are admirable illustrations of national characteristics—psychological vignettes. Far too little study has been made of national psychologies: philosophers (especially French ones like Henri Bergson, Gustave le Bon, and Emmanuel Mounier) have nibbled at the subject, but, generally speaking, the differences between Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, or Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen, have been epitomized and dismissed in anecdotes about elephants or sixpences.

The Spectator has always been English to the core: in July, 1882, it was sure that "Britain, as a whole, was never more tranquil and happy;" yet the following September, faced with a Trade Union Congress resolution asking the Government to institute an inquiry into Poor Law administration, it warned, "This is beginning to tamper with natural conditions. There is no logical halting-place between the theory that it is the duty of the State to make the poor comfortable, and Socialism." How right it was. And is, to carry Mr. Fleming's essays, which anyone interested in the English character should roll around their mind, like good port around the tongue. Here is the surprising tenderness, egg-shell thin as Chinese monochrome, evidenced in such pieces as "The Old Workman" and the obituary on Jim Corbett, "Nimrod and the Nightjar's Eggs"; the curious cruelty, callously ruthless, shown in the two pieces on Sarah and Satan, the foxcubs Mr. Fleming brought home in his jacket pocket and raised in his daughter's nursery; the enchanting faint humor, all pervading like good perfume, evident in such velvetly ironical stories as "The Lure of the Great Outdoors," in which a Conducted Ramble organized by British Railways is pitilessly pinned to paper, and "The Reveller," in which a fourteen-year-old, asked what he saw in a ten-year-old blonde he had cheerfully squired all evening, replies, "Oh, her—she's a splendid girl, she simply can't dance at all." Here is the reticence, and the almost pedantic accuracy, which, together, are such truly U (upper-class) signals (mantelshelf for mantelpiece because it *is* a shelf) but which are snobbish and therefore *sine nobilitate* —without nobility. For the true aristocrat is terribly non-U: eccentric, ostentatious, often preferring chorus girls to ladies and ostlers to fellow-old-Etonians as boon-companions, he or she wrangles publicly with almost all his or her relations (as evidenced in our time by not one but several noble Dukes and at least one belted and Nobel Prize-winning peer).

Peter Fleming's title-piece is so right: here is the indestructible rhinoceros head, a childhood talisman now relegated to the garage, for the gunroom, though small, was in a large house, and one cannot fix the head on the stairs (the only place one has big enough) for there would be the daily explanations, the rueful admission that no, one had not shot it oneself, but one's aunt had. Even this

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF MEXICO. *By Bernal Díaz del Castillo. Translated by A. P. Maudslay. Evergreen.* $2.45. The exciting history of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, from the burning of their own ships to the imprisonment of Montezuma, as told in a lively eye-witness account by one of Cortes's soldiers.

THE ENDURING ART OF JAPAN. *By Langdon Warner. Evergreen.* $1.95. The art forms of Japan set against the background of the nation's history, culture, religion, with special emphasis upon the influence of Zen Buddhism.

ESSAYS IN SCIENCE. *By Albert Einstein. Wisdom Library.* 95¢. Dr. Einstein's notes on the theory of relativity may be somewhat obscure to the layman, but his observations about scientific truth are lucid and timely.

CALL ME ISHMAEL. *By Charles Olson. Evergreen.* $1.25. An American poet's study of Herman Melville's "Moby Dick" analyzes the author's own complex personality as well as the mystical themes of his *magnum opus.*

THE METAPHYSICAL POETS. *Edited by Helen Gardner. Penguin.* 95¢. Seventeenth-century metaphysicians, from Raleigh to Traherne, wrote, with wit and elegance, of love, both earthly and divine.

THE SHE-WOLF. *By Giovanni Verga. Translated by Giovanni Cecchetti. University of California Press.* $1.50. These pungent short stories, by the Italian exponent of *verismo*, tell of sturdy peasants on the island of Sicily, whose lives are an unceasing struggle for survival.

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use of "one" is so English; unknown in the USA, it is impossible in French, an offense both to construction and to taste. Mr. Fleming's choice of subject, too, is always dead-center. "Pistols Weaken" opens, for example: "Have you," said the note from a friend, "a spare revolver I could take with me to Kenya?" Of course, as Sir Evelyn Baring announced in 1956, the number of terrorists there has "been reduced from 8,000 to a few hundred; more than 30,000 are still detained and more than 10,000 imprisoned," so the chances of a potshot aren't what they were, but, still, Mr. Fleming was "obscurely gratified" by the assumption underlying the request, which was that a) he was the kind of chap who owns several revolvers and b) needs at least one of them in the conduct of his day-to-day life. Indeed, here in this brief volume is "everything that is requisite and necessary" for English life: a delicious article on pipes (discarded, cluttering the house, until given to jumble sales and fetching threepence each) and no less admirable a piece on Alderman Richard Bland of the Lancashire town of Nelson, who resigned as mayor because when the Queen and Prince Philip visited his town, their route was to be lined with 100 Royal Air Force officers and men armed with rifles—and he was a pacifist.

Mr. Fleming gives his essays the perfection of niellure: they are hierarchic yet contemporary, and vastly agreeable.

Poetry Defined

By John Holmes

THAT day everything went wrong.
Too hot to be too sticky.
It wasn't dignified, like fate,
Or awkward, like unlucky.
It was a day so contrary
From failed morning to wasted night
That several things that always
Went wrong went right.
The limit was a live goose
I had put in a big bottle,
Not thinking what I was about,
Till someone asked me how
With no glassbreak or bloodshed
Ever I could get it out.
"There it is!" I yelled. 'There!"
Said they, "There where?"
"Not in the bottle now,
And no breakage either. How?
I put it in with my words.
I took it out the same way.
And what worked with these
Can with any words, I say."

John Bull's Bounders and Bourgeois

"The Road to Tyburn," by Christopher Hibbert *(World. 251 pp. $4.95), and* ***"English People in the Eighteenth Century," by Dorothy Marshall*** *(Longmans, Green. 288 pp. $6.75), offer glimpses into Britain's social classes during the 1700s.*

By Peter Case

IN LONDON the Marble Arch stands approximately in the place where, until less than 200 years ago, criminals swung from the gallows at Tyburn, and vast crowds gaped at the spectacle. The severity of English criminal law at that time provided a constant cast of main actors for this popular performance. Its full measure of pageantry, squalor, and excitement can still be seen in the plate which Hogarth drew to conclude his moral drama of the idle apprentice's career. (The print, crudely colored, appears on the dustjacket of Mr. Hibbert's book.) The procession for a condemned prisoner started at Newgate, and, taking as long as two hours, traveled ceremoniously over the route to Tyburn, making frequent stops at taverns to allow the prisoner to accept drinks from convivial well-wishers. On 16 November 1724, a twenty-two-year-old prisoner, his short, slight figure dapperly dressed, shared his open cart with a chaplain and a coffin; and 200,000 spectators viewed him.

Jack Sheppard achieved such notoriety because he had been an extraordinarily gifted criminal. It was not his great skill in thievery—as a locksmith's apprentice he had *not* been idle—but rather his succession of incredible escapes from fortresslike prisons that struck the popular imagination. He even hoped to escape again on his final journey, and no doubt many thought he would.

His biography is one of the choicest in eighteenth-century rogue literature. Defoe interviewed him for a newspaper, and then summed up his short career in a pamphlet. Sheppard's life has served as the basis for plays and novels (heavily fictionalized); and in our own day his trials have found a place among the Notable British Trials Series. It is true that his reputation has been overshadowed by that of his contemporary and enemy Jonathan Wild, whose immortality is assured by Fielding's brilliantly ironic novel and by Gay's richly comic treatment in the "Beggar's Opera." But on the simpler plane of pure narrative adventure Sheppard's story holds more suspense.

Mr. Hibbert's book, when it deals with the criminal himself, is sound and engrossing. He has drawn his materials from contemporary newspapers and pamphlets, thus gaining the color and flavor of the period. His style and pace are admirably tuned to the narrative, particularly when he tells of Sheppard's fantastic escapes from prison. In the climactic one he sets the stage very clearly to show us how the prisoner, heavily shackled to the floor of his dark cell, loosens his bonds, digs through a brick wall, penetrates an iron door, climbs over roofs, and lowers himself from a parapet. Whatever the attraction of rogue literature to the law-abiding citizen, that of rogue-escape is even stronger.

But the relatively brief story of Sheppard's life, well told as it is, has been interlarded here with several other very skimpy case histories, as well as chunks of social history. (The book's subtitle is "The Story of Jack Sheppard and the Eighteenth Century London Underworld.") In his attempt to paint the background in lurid colors Mr. Hibbert scrambles his chronology, dipping here and there in the century to bring together his horrors; and he oversimplifies the extent of violence and crime in both the upper and lower classes. It is as though a social historian today were to take all his facts from the scandal and crime reported in the press and then use them for generalizations about social classes.

One reason Mr. Hibbert plays up the misery and degradation of the working class is that he wishes to win our sympathy for Sheppard. Such sympathy may be irrelevant, particularly when accompanied by special pleading. One chapter ends with the sentence: "In another age and with different opportunities for the satisfaction of his ambitions and appetites and for the release of his bursting energy, he [Sheppard] might perhaps . . . have achieved some manner of greatness." But the next chapter opens with the sentence: "It cannot,

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BIOGRAPHY

A Living Enigma

"Heinrich Heine: A Biography," by E. M. Butler *(Philosophical Library, 291 pp. $6), presents an objective picture of an ambiguous character riddled with contradictions. Claude Hill, a member of the German Department at Rutgers University, analyzes Miss Butler's summation.*

By Claude Hill

IN THE concept of the average American, German literature has always played a poor second to French letters (and possibly even to Russian), but few writers in the world have provoked as much interest as Heinrich Heine has: the Jewish-born, German-writing, French exile. Opinions have been sharply divided, in his native country as well as in the nation that gave him asylum throughout the second part of his life. The Anglo-Saxon world in particular took the poet to its heart—notwithstanding his intense dislike of England—and any quiz in this country would reveal that, together with Goethe, Schiller, and Mann, he forms the quadrivium of Germany's stellar system. Ever since his "Book of Songs" first appeared in 1827, he has been the focal point of worldwide attention, with praise, admiration, and enthusiasm equally balanced by rejection, abuse, and hatred. What is it that has provoked these various reactions toward a poet who caused the most beautiful songs in all music to be composed, who penned the most popular poem in all German literature ("Lorelei"), whose total *oeuvre* was forbidden throughout Germany at different times, and to whom homage was paid by men as diverse as Musset, Dumas, Liszt, Chopin, Wagner, Marx, Nietzsche, Mann?

In the absence of an up-to-date, historical-critical edition of the poet's works an objective, error-proof life of Heine can hardly be expected. E. M. Butler's "Heinrich Heine" is not the last word; nevertheless it will fill the gap for the Anglo-Saxon reader for the time being. Apparently written for the centenary by a British veteran scholar of German, the American republication of the book will create new interest in one of the most dazzling, embittering, exasperating, perplexing, and touching literary artists who ever lived.

—*From the book.*

Heinrich Heine in 1851.

Recent research (mainly the unearthing of unknown letters) has removed several misconceptions about some of Heine's attitudes and actions, and Miss Butler has profited from it. No longer, for instance, does Heine appear as the Jewish renegade, who had himself baptized for expediency in younger years and returned to the belief of his ancestors before death. He never did. During and after the Nazi regime some biographers (Untermeyer, Valentin) went overboard by twisting their hero into a primarily Jewish, even somewhat Zionistic writer. The fact is that Heine felt himself to be a German poet and even refused to become a naturalized Frenchman although it would have given him material advantages. He loved Paris, but he lived and behaved like a refugee in exile. He wrote in German for German publishers and newspapers, and far from being a traitor, as he was wrongly accused, he forcefully interpreted and defended German culture to the French.

The basic ambiguity of Heine's character is brought out by Miss Butler. He was riddled by mysterious, baffling, and often annoying contradictions. He criticized everybody and everything and was one of the least reverent men. He was an aristocrat with democratic inclinations. He was a friend of the young Karl Marx, and yet he abhorred (and partly predicted) the evils of a Communistic society. He was conversant with the total sum of contemporary culture, from Kant and Hegel to painting and music, and yet he married a Frenchwoman who was totally uneducated. His prolificness as a lover was of Renaissance dimensions, and yet he remained married to his wife for twenty years and loved her until the last breath. He inspired the greatest composers of his time and wrote concert reviews himself, and yet he never got beyond the most superficial stages of musical understanding. He mocked heroism and often compromised principles for economic considerations, and yet he rose to almost superhuman heights of endurance during eight excruciating years of self-inflicted and fatal illness. He was merciless to his numerous enemies, chivalrous and gallant to his equally numerous mistresses, and touchingly kind to his mother. He loved those who attacked him and he attacked those who loved him. He was a living enigma.

As far as I can see, Miss Butler has taken into account all recently published material on Heine and, by and large, succeeded in presenting an objective picture. She writes with sympathy, and yet not without critical reservations. She concentrates on the personality and life of the man Heine, while she takes the literary artist Heine for granted. She is fairly successful, except that she is just an ordinary mortal and competent scholar. There is something pedestrian about her style, something old-fashioned about her attitude; nor does she possess enough plastic skill to make her hero three-dimensional. A man as sophisticated as Heine can only be approached with some degree of sophistication. The job would require the combined efforts of a psychoanalytical scholar like Ernest

(*Continued on page* 32)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 766

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 766 will be found in the next issue.

YSZI OSUIBHTQUD'T XEMT ESI FK YQUT SZXI ILDSITTIH,
MIXGCAI YQI GCAUBP,
TDIIH YQI DESYUBP PZITY.
—E. DCDI.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 765

The success of any great moral enterprise does not depend upon numbers. —W. L. GARRISON.

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The Saturday Review

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Speak Louder—of the Right Things

IF THE clamor of our arming is as sounding brass, the voice in which we speak to the world about other things is often little more than a tinkling cymbal. It has been said that in the name of preserving freedom our arms must be mightier. But when the day comes that America and the free nations become one vast arsenal, matched only by the Russian fortress a missile's distance away, there will be very little left to preserve.

At present we have a great deal to preserve, and a great deal to give. But unless we are able to sort out the essentials from the non-essentials of our way of life, and share our awareness of these essentials with the rest of the world, we may succumb to the blind rigidity of "billions for defense and not one penny for what we had to defend in the first place."

Some facets of the so-called "American way of life" are inconsequential, like our fondness for hot dogs and cold beer; some are controversial, like the pace at which we work and play; and some may be just a trifle insane, like our roadomania that speeds us carelessly over our superhighways to no particular destination. Some are shameful, like the barriers against Negro citizens.

But some of our ways of thought and action represent the achievement of new levels of dignity and equality among men. One of these is the economic system that has evolved in this country in the last few decades, which can be fairly described as a "people's capitalism." The technological brilliance and productivity of the American system are only too well known; there is no need to document that here. Its unique contribution is in reversing all Marxist predictions by providing more and more for more and more people. It is one of the truly expansive forces in the world today.

The American capitalism of today bears little resemblance to the specter conjured up by the Communists in their propaganda. It also bears little resemblance to what it was when it began—when ownership was personal and decisions arbitrary, working hours long and wages meager, employment sporadic and unpredictable. Once business could damn the public and get away with it. Those are very dead days.

Today, management is responsible to boards of directors and increasingly sensitive to the attitudes of the public, as well as the rights and needs of employees. The public has responded with a newly favorable evaluation of business. Ownership itself is becoming increasingly dispersed. More than one-third of the shareholders in American business are people with incomes of under $5,000 a year. This does not take into consideration the immense stockholdings of insurance companies and pension funds, through which most Americans share indirectly in the ownership of American business.

The story of today's "people's capitalism" shows up also in a tax structure that takes only 10 per cent in Federal income tax from a family of four earning $3,000 a year, 25 per cent from a family with a $25,000 income, and more than half of an income over $100,000. It shows up, too, in the 60 per cent of American families who own their own homes, in the 72 per cent who own their own cars, in the 76 per cent with TV sets.

Perhaps most important of all is the rising rate of education, which is providing the fundamental basis for even broader equality of opportunity in the future. In the mid-1950s ten times as many young people were graduating from college every year as there were in 1900, while the population had only slightly more than doubled.

We still have much to accomplish. For example, while 75 per cent of the population has some sort of health insurance coverage at the present time, we need to assure adequate medical care to all who need it. Money is still as important as brains in securing a college education—and educational facilities more important and scarcer than either. The top limit on education must be determined solely by a person's capacity to learn, not earn. Employment must be even more stabilized. Opportunity for employment and advancement must be further expanded and equalized. Inadequate housing must be eliminated. As in all of life, the problems outrun the solutions. But the solutions are constantly being found, and the energy and flexibility of the American system has shown itself to be adequate to the task.

WHAT has been achieved is less important than the restless dynamism that is constantly pushing toward further achievement. Where has this dynamism come from? Some of it comes from the expansive push of a pioneer population; some from the libertarian and egalitarian revolt that sent successive waves of immigrants to our shores; some from the bounty of our land. Some of it drew its impetus from the challenge of the Great Depression of the 1930s, when the government, under Franklin Roosevelt, saw that the old capitalism was insufficient and that a newer version had to be developed to meet the needs of the times. And it was a businessman who gave a great forward push toward today's consumers' economy, when Henry Ford began paying his workers $5 a day because he thought the people who made his cars should also be the people who drove them.

Quietly, gradually, a revolution has taken place wherein most of the evils of the Old Capitalism deplored by Karl Marx have been cured within our unprecedented system of capitalism.

Yet the big military stick we carry often has the greater impact on the world at large. Our riches are too frequently more visible in the form of armament than in the near-realization of a democratic dream which has been shown to have working reality. We must learn to speak louder—of the right things. —E. R.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHANGE OUR WAYS?

IT WOULD BE folly to expect our American culture to be preserved by ". . . a comparatively small group of talented persons" ("Money is Not Enough," *SR* Feb. 1). Is it time now for us to change our free ways and adopt a system where select individuals set themselves up as the ones to point their finger at the so-called gifted child and see that he gets the best training at the expense of hundreds of other children? Must we now endanger the very foundations of America by perhaps ignoring a passive yet sensitive child who could one day be a great humanistic leader?

VINA JACOBS.

Madison, Wis.

SHAKESPEARE SCIENTIST

IT IS MY CONVICTION that in the works of Shakespeare can be found an apt comment which can be related to almost any situation or period in history. In support of this claim may I submit the following:

> Even so, our house and ourselves and children
> Have lost, or do not learn for want of time
> The sciences that should become our country.
> —*King Henry the Fifth (Act V, Scene II).*

ELIZABETH F. COOLEY.

New York, N. Y.

BASIC RESEARCH

EDUCATION AND basic scientific research cannot start to improve in this country without very liberal support by the Government or Industry. This fact is *still being implicitly denied* in these very weeks in Congress when the debate goes on and doubtfully and half-heartedly concerns itself with sums which can be justly described as quaint. Let us remember:

(1). Everything technological we have, virtually our whole material existence, came up from basic scientific research.

(2). During the last ten years the U.S. has spent one-fiftieth of 1 per cent of the national income on the direct support of basic research.

(3). The Russians spend twenty-five to 100 times more.

At the moment there do not seem even to be *plans* under discussion in Congress to cover these discrepancies.

JOHN O'M. BOCKRIS,
Professor of Chemistry,
University of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Pa.

MONEY'S INEVITABLE

MONEY IS PROBABLY the only remedy which will be acceptable to the American people, for both short and long-range benefits. For one thing, appropriation of funds is one step which will be universally applauded by the populace. And

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I'm sorry, Mr. Poe, but you know very well you can't keep a pet in your room."

funds will enable institutions to offer scholarships to needy but intelligent students, and for each one of these who might not have attended otherwise one more classroom "freeloader" can be dropped. Also, higher wages will certainly shore up the teaching profession. In short, the only likely cure for our nation's materialism will have to come as a result of catering to this materialism by appropriating vast sums for education and hoping that resulting higher standards in the classrooms will be reflected eventually in the national attitude.

CRAIG MERRIHUE,
Physics Instructor,
Rennselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Troy, N. Y.

NATIONAL BREAKFAST

AS A STUDENT I thoroughly enjoyed Fuess's article. And let us not forget that a hearty breakfast is necessary before Junior goes to school. The nutrition must be adequate, or Junior will fall to the back of the class and never have the opportunity of regaining his lost status in the "University of Nations."

R. L. HAFTER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

U.N. INTEREST

WE WERE interested in the LETTER TO THE EDITOR from Miss Georgia Raleigh (*SR* Feb. 1) concerning membership in the United Nations. As an international organization composed of member states, the United Nations is not open to individual membership. However, the American Association for the United Nations does seek the support of those individuals in the United States who are deeply concerned with the success of the United Nations. The AAUN, the major national membership organization devoted to U.N. education in this country, welcomes the interest and support as well as the activity of your readers. Anyone caring to write us to learn about the activities of the chapters in their areas may address us at:

American Association for the United Nations,
345 East 46th Street,
New York 17, New York.

ESTELLE LINZER,
American Association for the United Nations, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

UNREPROVING BOOKS

THE COMMENTARY of Stefan Zweig (*SR* Feb. 8) reminded me of a passage in "The Fountain," by Charles Morgan:

> It was the patience of books he loved, their absolute passivity, which endured all things in man. It was a miracle that a book, neglected for years, being taken down at last, should instantly sing with Shelley's voice, and that the voice should be unchanged by all the operations of fortune. And if, while he read the argument of a master, his attention should wander from it and drift away into his own follies or prides, to this master he might return unreproved as to no other, books having no need to forgive.

C. M. NELSON.

Pasadena, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Sir Archie Rice

"THE Entertainer" provides Sir Laurence Olivier with the wherewithal for his greatest performance in a modern role. And in the character of Archie Rice, John Osborne may have created the great stage figure of this decade.

Who is Archie Rice? He is a third-rate music-hall comedian who faces the dingy reality of an inelegant age with obscenity, sacrilege, abuse, tasteless jokes, liquor, and cheap love affairs. His virtues are simply that he never pretends to be anything but a "bastard" and that he recognizes the need for passion in a lukewarm world. As in the case of Jimmy Porter in "Look Back in Anger," we must look behind the cynical facade; we find there a desperate individual who cares very deeply about his failure in human relations and the failure of present-day Englishmen to struggle against the mediocrity of existence.

Olivier plays Archie with an accuracy, harshness, and isolation that forbids our sympathy. As we watch him go through his music-hall routines, there is never a moment when this great actor allows us the merciful relief of satire or the satisfaction of easy entertainment. Instead, there is always a sense of leashed terror, of subconscious awareness of the growing distance between life deteriorating and life potential.

Mr. Osborne shifts his scenes back and forth from the raucous and dispirited atmosphere of Archie's music hall to the digs where lives Archie's retired father, Billie Rice. Billie was a headliner in the music-hall's glorious period. To the accompaniment of some sentimental old-fashioned music, Billy weaves a spell as he tells us the way things were in his day. At the same time that we sense the charm of the past we also see its bankruptcy, its lack of relation to the present. And indeed the playwright has, with this shifting from stage to life, hit upon an effective use of theatre. This interlocking of life and performance into one nightmare follows Archie through a series of body-blows whose impact is expressed in delayed, involuntary breakthroughs of feeling. After telling the audience a joke about his cold and stupid wife, he mumbles, "Look at me—it's all real, you know." And a moment later, in the middle of his pseudo-patriotic song, there comes a flash of terror as the ludicrousness suddenly hits him of a man telling smutty jokes to a reluctant audience while his son lies captured in the Middle East.

Then, in a magnificent speech, Archie paints for us the contrasting pictures of the British habit of "getting on with the job without making a fuss" and a lonely Negro blues-singer in America, who is able to express her feelings with "the most beautiful fuss in the world." The genuineness with which Olivier longs to do the latter moves us to tears. Eventually, this planted time-bomb goes off. Sitting in a drunken stupor, Archie is informed that his son has been killed. He pulls himself up and retches a few lines of the spiritual he heard the blues-singer sing. It is not self-pity. It is beautiful, pure pain.

IN THE third act, Olivier hangs onto this new-found path of feeling, pushing matters to the point where he causes the death of his father and must, also, go to jail for not paying his income tax. His final and only good joke is the story of a man who went to heaven only to react with a dirty word.

In addition to the leading role, Mr. Osborne has written eminently playable characters around him. As Archie's pathetic wife, Brenda de Banzie gives us the essence of a tatty English housewife. Her best moment is a drunken one, when she turns on her stepdaughter for telling her to "be sensible." For this admonition is the very formula which has devalued her whole life. George Relph's portrait of Billy Rice is a memorable cameo. The one role that fails in the play is that of daughter Jean. Since Jean is the character who in a more conventional play would absorb and state the lessons to be learned from the action, one may assume that it was Mr. Osborne's intention not to sermonize, but merely to observe his central situation, letting us draw from it what we will.

And herein rests the crux of the matter. If you require these things, you will be bored, you will be revolted, you will be unsatisfied, and you will be unentertained. But this will be your loss. For "The Entertainer" offers you the most perfect performance and the most uncompromisingly accurate observation of underlying human conflict yet achieved in the new generation of theatre.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

Of Tolls and Trolls

THE indifference which American broadcasting has nurtured in its audiences is finally taking its toll (TV) with a vengeance. The networks are exhorting Congress, "the proper forum," to step in and prevent the FCC from authorizing pay television. They argue that the present testing period is actually the decision-making period. Pay-TV has such a "lure," they assert, that even a minority clinking of coins in the wireless box-office will be profitable enough to start an industry-wide stampede to "greener pastures." Once the fee-rush is on, warn the networks, they will inevitably join it with all antennae to "get our fair share of the multi-billion dollar bonanza." Then, they say, will come the total collapse of advertised TV and the disenfranchisement of most of the 42 million American families who now watch TV an average of five hours a day.

Yet this multitude seems largely unmoved, notwithstanding a normal amount of pro-and-con positions taken by organized groups. The "public" demands its daily dosage of popular entertainment and doesn't seem to mind taking it free or fee just so long as it gets it. In the absence of any genuine mass fervor, Congress is hardly likely to justify a monopoly of the entertainment market in any one interest. But neither is it axiomatic that pay-TV will always be free of commercials or supply the wider range of cultural programs it promises. One has only to examine the quaint chronicles of the early days of radio to be reminded of broadcasting's unpredictability. "It is inconceivable," said Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover at the first Annual Radio Conference in Washington, "that we should allow so great a possibility for service . . . to be drowned in advertising matter."

Just as piquant, today, is the speciousness of the network contention that pay-TV is *undemocratic* because "it will fence off the best for the carriage trade . . . the prosperous family will be able to view more programs than the average family." I was always under the impression that it is the essence of democracy for every man to ride in a carriage if he can afford it.

• • A new children's hour, "Shirley Temple's Storybook," on NBC, has come like a pause in television's schedule between Sunday afternoon's "intellectual ghetto" and Sunday evening's midway of less cerebral programs. The parents of the low and the high cultures meet there with their children to get a little folk-culture. "Beauty and the Beast" and "Rumpelstiltskin" have been exhibited, at this writing, and it is a moot question whether "the young in heart" are in for a full measure of wonder in the presence of nature-myth, the irrational, and the supernatural or whether they will receive more of TV's remarkable gift for making the strange seem familiar. "Beauty and the Beast" seemed to borrow much in decor and concept from the very subtle and complex film by Jean Cocteau, and thus cannot be counted the series' archetype. "Rumpelstiltskin" fell foul of conventional TV romantic canons. Grimm's wicked, greedy king, who made the miller's daughter spin straw into gold, turned out to be handsome, young, and agreeably unaware that his minister of finance was the real thieving villain.

TV codes, of course, as well as the medium's obvious technical limitations, are sharp nibblers at the grandeur of nursery tales. But what excuse is there, in a production of "The Pied Piper," for a happy ending which restored the children of Hamelin and taught the Mayor a lesson? Browning's real ending was dramatically right, albeit tragic. The power of fairy-tales on the imagination lies not alone in sentimentality but also in irony, terror, and the sense of fate. Can TV, seeking more than a name-brand version of folk-culture, face up to this?

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

In a Little Spanish Town

THE few movies that have reached these shores from Spain have invariably been handsomely photographed but emotionally sterile. "The Lovemaker" (Trans-Lux), directed by Spain's controversial Juan Bardem, is neither. A vigorous proponent of the neo-realistic school of film making, Bardem eschews both conventional prettiness and conventional themes. Like Federico Fellini, whom he resembles in many ways, Bardem forces on his audiences a vision of his own world, touched up to heigthen certain truths that are to him self-evident, captured by a pitiless and evocative camera. Like Fellini, he chooses the streets and open squares, the time-worn cathedrals, and the raw, urbanizing outskirts of cities as his settings. Like Fellini, he uses the motion picture as a probing instrument, a device to lay bare the instincts and emotions of whole sections of society whose values reflect the troubled nature of our times.

As searching but never quite so intense as the Italian, at thirty-six Bardem has established himself as one of the most promising of the new European film talents—and a definite thorn in the side of the Franco government. The idol of Spanish students and intellectuals, Bardem was languishing in jail when his earlier "Death of a Cyclist" won the Critics Award at Cannes in 1955; "The Lovemaker" he wrote and directed with the aid of French financing, which freed him artistically. The version distributed in this country is in French with English titles.

"The Lovemaker" emphasizes the Fellini parallel by being virtually an extension of "Vitelloni," Fellini's first masterpiece. Once again the heroes are a gang of well-heeled wastrels, their hopes unrealized, their dreams unfulfilled. But where Fellini's youths of twenty can still talk of escape from the confines of their town, Bardem's "vitelloni"—men well into their thirties and forties—have come to accept its narrow horizon. Their day is a dull shuttling between office, club, movie, and brothel, a routine enforced by custom and habit. Devoid of intellectual resources, too old to change their ways, they play billiards and plan elaborate practical jokes on each other.

This atmosphere of boredom and human waste provides the motivation for Bardem's low-keyed tragedy. As a lark, the town boys persuade a newcomer to pay court to a homely spinster of thirty-five. To ingratiate himself the young man consents to go along with the joke. But when Isabella falls desperately in love with him, he is too weak either to go through with the cruel deception or to tell her the truth. A friend, a visiting journalist, discloses the plot to the girl as gently as he can, urging her to come away to Madrid. The conventions of the town, however, make their claim; she also is weak—too weak to break the bonds that will destroy her. Betsy Blair, the American actress who first won attention in a rather similar role in "Marty," gives an earnest if mannered performance as Isabella; the rest of the cast—primarily Spanish with a scattering of French—splendidly achieve the director's aims.

* * *

"Cowboy" (Columbia) is another film that breaks with convention—this time the rigid conventions of the Western melodrama—to delineate instead an unglamorized portrait of the frontier cowpoke some eighty years ago. Based on Frank Harris's reminiscences, and given only the merest pretense of a story form by adaptor Edmund H. North, it follows a band of wranglers from a glorious spree in Chicago, back to Mexico to pick up a new herd, and then out once more on the long, hazardous trail north to the railheads and stockyards. Their work is hard, their humor primitive, the peril great. Survival becomes a matter of skill, luck, and instinct, an instinct honed to razor-sharpness by daily contact with the unexpected and the deadly. This was a life, Harris maintained, that produced *men*—and director Delmer Daves, in demonstrating how a tenderfoot hardens into manhood in this environment, accentuates the grim realities of the hardening process. Jack Lemmon and Glenn Ford work splendidly together as the novice and his trail-wise mentor, George Dunning has created a beautiful score out of frontier ballads, and Charles Lawton, Jr.'s color cameras capture the spirit of the film in images that are strong, dynamic, vigorously handsome, never simply picturesque. Above all, it is a film that shows cowboys at their proper job, neither romancing the ranch-owner's daughter nor shooting it out at the O.K. Corral.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHORT STARTS OF LONG POEMS

Here are the openings of ten narrative or reflective poems or poetic dramas by English authors (all the works cited are of several hundred lines, and several are of book length). You are asked to identify authors and titles. And so to page 50.

1. From '41 to '51
   I was my folks' contrary son.
2. Of writing many books there is no end;
   And I, who have written much in prose and verse
   For others' uses, will write now for mine.
3. "I hear from Bigorre you are there. I am told
   You are going to marry Miss Darcy. . . ."
4. From Bolton's old monastic tower
   The bells ring out with gladsome power.
5. What of the Immanent Will and its designs?
6. 'Tis the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
   Like fretted leaflets, breathing on the deep.
7. *Lars Porsena of Clusium*
   By Nine Gods he swore
   That the great house of Tarquin
   Should suffer wrong no more.
8. St. Agnes' eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
   The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.
9. Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,
   And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands.
10. You're my friend:
    I was the man the Duke spoke to.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Kubelik, Munch, and Szell—Brenda Lewis in "Vanessa"

RAFAEL KUBELIK was a stranger neither to New York nor to Carnegie Hall when he made his Philharmonic debut, but he was still an unknown quantity before his direction of a Bach suite (No. 4), the Bartok "Concerto for Orchestra," and the Beethoven No. 7. Taking over an orchestra familiar to its public poses rather different problems than he had surmounted as director of the touring Chicago Symphony or the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra.

For this program at least, it cannot be said that Kubelik succeeded too well. If there was a common denominator through all it was physical energy, which he dispensed lavishly and without remission. But with this went a flailing kind of attack which made for a ponderous sound in the Bach, a heavier than desirable accentuation in Bartok, and rather leaden Beethoven. Allowance should be made for circumstances, certainly, and the brief three days that preceded the public collaboration. But there were some matters of method to be questioned also.

Is it essential, for an orchestra of the Philharmonic's accomplishments, that a conductor beat time relentlessly through the first movement of a Beethoven symphony? Could not some of this energy be applied more profitably to regulating the music's flow? Would not a simpler beat assure more accuracy in the entrances of a Bach suite? Is there not a good deal more sophistication of texture in the Bartok than Kubelik disclosed? He is, as the European expression goes, a "musical man," and his intentions are all of the best, but it did not seem to me that in taste or subtlety of procedure he met this orchestra on its own grounds.

The week-end concerts provided a suggestion that the surroundings may have their effect in this result, for he has certainly done better versions of Smetana's "Moldau" than the hurried, over-stressed one of this performance. His soloist both times was Rudolf Firkusny, who showed steady strides toward virtuosity with a fluent, well-controlled playing of Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini," though we have heard some versions on grander lines. He was even more impressive in Martinu's "Incantation" (Concerto No. 4).

BRUCKNER symphonies in performances by the Boston orchestra are somewhat rarer phenomena than they are otherwise, which made Charles Munch's venture with the Seventh of particular interest on the ensemble's recent visit. If it was not a revelation, it was certainly illuminating to find its texture lightened, its tonal gait springier, more elastic than is common in some treatments. Munch had obviously given special thought to Bruckner's brass writing, which he adjusted with such a delicate discrimination that some usually obscured melodic threads were audibly sustained. Also, his preference for having the violas directly at his right, as near as possible to the audience, made their darkly confidential tone more outspoken than usual. It was, altogether, a splendid example of orchestral craftsmanship, which did not deter batches of the public from departing after each movement. (The work was given in the edited, "abridged" text.)

THE second of the Cleveland Orchestra's three visits to celebrate its fortieth anniversary brought with it a zestful playing of Smetana's "Bartered Bride" overture under the direction of George Szell, and a first performance of Howard Hanson's "Mosaics," also described as "in the form of a passacaglia." It makes a promising start in this direction with a gravely beautiful theme, well-articulated in the low strings, but the elaboration leaves its early promise unfulfilled. A pleasantly diverse piece, but one which can hardly pass as a passacaglia. The old firm of Morini and Szell provided a more than businesslike performance of the Beethoven Violin Concerto. In balance and proportion, mutuality of understanding and clean detail, it had undeviating interest. More than once, however, it suggested that artifice—in Miss Morini's case, overcomplicated fingerings; in Szell's, undue accentuation of inner voices—was transcending art, that a point of diminishing returns had been reached in a striving for significance. The orchestra's finely disciplined, keenly balanced sound was good to hear at all times, even when Szell was overzealous in dotting i's and crossing t's in the Brahms Third Symphony.

"VANESSA" grows on one, of that there is no doubt. So much of Samuel Barber's good kind of musical feeling is present to counterbalance its uncertainties that interest is recurrently caught up and sustained till its wholly satisfying climax is achieved. It passed one test of durability lately in providing "playing room" for Brenda Lewis as Vanessa in place of Eleanor Steber. The values Miss Lewis imparted to the role have much to do with her skill as an actress, her ability to enunciate the text understandably, her success in projecting a more magnetic personality than Miss Steber's. Concurrently, however, one was aware that her vocal line is much less powerfully sustained, that the real beauty of texture Miss Steber provided was lacking, and the role lost something in substance as it gained in vivacity. Dimitri Mitropoulos's increasing command of the score's detail shows itself in the assurance of the orchestral performance.

THE qualities acquired by Gloria Davy in a progression from the New York High School of Music and Art to the stage of the Metropolitan (by way of the Juilliard School) reflected credit on all save those who decided that the fitting role for her debut was Verdi's "Aida." To be sure, she has obvious physical qualifications for being the first Negro interpreter of the part in this theatre, but if it is the fate of the colored singer to be so type-cast then we have only dented, not breached, the color line.

Factually, Miss Davy is a lyric soprano, and a potentially fine one, but she was at a constant disadvantage in the ensembles Verdi wrote for a voice of greater weight and thrust. An uncommonly conscientious singer, Miss Davy showed a voice of hue and warmth when she was not pressing for a sound which disturbed focus and character. Her always excellent intonation, sense of the stage, and grace of movement were all promising, but rather for Pamina in "Magic Flute" or, better still, "Butterfly." In a cast listing Kurt Baum as Radames and Irene Dalis as Amneris, a real Verdian note was finally sounded at 9:31 when Leonard Warren appeared to utter Amonasro's "Sua padre!" in a way that left no doubt who was king on this stage. William Wilderman's Ramfis was also superior.

AS MUCH as I saw (Act IV) of the NBC-TV Opera Theatre's telecast of "Rigoletto" was creditable to this company's standards, though only Igor Gorin as Rigoletto showed vocal power of a commanding sort. In a work of this familiarity, however, an English text is not only distracting but overcompetitive with the music. Jean Morel conducted purposefully. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

A Leatherbagger Down South

IT IS perhaps an ironic turn that the South, which deplored the presence of the carpetbaggers and tried every means, fair and foul, to run them back north, is now in the midst of a vigorous campaign to lure leatherbaggers southward. To be sure, the leatherbags are being toted by tourists, and in these near-peaceful days tourists also tote money. The Natchez Pilgrimage alone brings $500,000 in one month's time to that venerable city sitting on the heights above the Mississippi.

It was only back a few mornings ago that I was being turned out of my comfortable bed in my period suite in the Bellemont Motor Hotel (the only motel for miles around which is designed in Greek revival), dispatched to the handsome home of the owner, and there ingested with eggs, grits, and spicy sausage. After the Negro butler had thrust these formidable nourishments upon me, I was, without further armor, turned over to a fountain of energetic conversation named Mrs. J. Balfour Miller, originator of the Natchez Pilgrimage and head of the Pilgrimage Garden Club.

"I was in New Orleans all the summer of 1931, suffering a pow'ful kidney trouble," explained Mrs. Miller, an attractive gray-haired matron. "I was delirious, all I could think of was houses. I thought how wonderful it would be if we all set our tables and had a mammy at the front door, and the ladies all in hoop skirts. Well, sure enough, so many people came in 1932 that clubs all over the South started house and garden tours."

Showing me the appurtenances of her own house, Hope Farm, which, during the pilgrimage, is an "afternoon house," that is, it is seen in the afternoon, Mrs. Miller said the garden-club ladies at first wanted to organize spring garden tours to lure the leatherbaggers. Unfortunately, there were very few gardens in town. On the other hand, there were lots of houses, grand houses, dating from those days when cotton was king and twelve of the seventy-five millionaires of the young republic lived in Natchez on the Mississippi.

During the pilgrimage Mrs. Miller trots out some old plate-warmers once set in front of the fire, deep-dish fingerbowls clearly large enough for a shampoo, individual wine decanters for each theoretical diner. Twenty-eight candles light the dining area. Out in the garden an admirer could gaze contentedly on the pecan trees dripping with wisteria. "This is my focal point over here," said Mrs. Miller, "where you look down to the pecan trees and the magnolias. I sold $200 worth of pecans this year."

Aside from her pecan income Mrs. Miller, and each of the thirty house owners chosen by the two city garden clubs, receives about $2,000 as his share of the tourist take. Houses must not only be attractive and interesting, they must be well maintained, and the owners must be scrupulously honest. One house was removed from the pilgrimage because somebody on the premises allegedly was selling five-and-ten jewelry as antiques.

Travelers who come to the pilgrimage—this year's will open March 1 and run through the month—may take one tour of five houses for $4, two tours, or ten houses, for $8. From there the houses and rates increase. Anybody who wants to tramp through all thirty houses can certainly do so, and heaven bless them. The cost is $20 for the complete job.

Although tourists may not choose which houses they want to see, and at best can only take pot-luck with the houses to which they are assigned, the long list includes such haciendas as Rosalie, now owned by the DAR, which has a collection of antique dolls and was once the headquarters home of U. S. Grant, a fact which is mentioned only by some local guidebooks; Arlington, created by J. H. White, who came from New Jersey to build the first Mississippi bank. He built Arlington, too, for his bride, but on the morning after the inaugural ball, which opened the house, its first mistress was mysteriously found dead. Several establishments, like Melrose, are redolent of the old days when many a house had its *garconnier*, a separate dwelling where boys of the family lived after they reached the age of sixteen or so.

To recollect the palmier days of the Southland, the garden ladies also arrange an annual Confederate Pageant which is staged nightly during the course of the pilgrimage. Both the Pageant and the pilgrimage will be presided over by dual queens this year. The reason for this arrangement is that in 1937 the garden ladies got to squabbling over such issues as whether liquor ought to be served at club headquarters and just what ought to be done with all the money pouring in. The one garden club split into two, and for ten years, or until 1947, Natchez had two separate pilgrimages. The war between the garden clubs—let us not call it a civil war—finally came to an end shortly after the global battle ceased, and now there are two garden clubs, but only one pilgrimage. The Pilgrimage Garden Club registers twenty-five of the houses on the present list and the Natchez Garden Club registers five.

From its proceeds the Pilgrimage Garden Club has bought a house of its own which is not a home, but a headquarters. It is called Stanton Hall, and is fitted with many of the artifacts and furniture that were brought over from Europe in a specially chartered ship in 1851. Paying guests are accommodated upstairs in the six available bedrooms at anywhere from $7 to $10 a night, and there is an appendage called the Carriage House Tea Room, which is big on gumbo, biscuits, cornbread, rice and gravy, and other digestibles of Dixie. For the benefit of club members there is also a swimming pool, and in summer there are club dances by candlelight under the live oak tree. To help defray the cost of all these endeavors, there is the pilgrimage, the dues, the income from the restaurant, and also royalties from a silver company to which Stanton Hall sold the right to use its name.

HARDLY to be outdone, the Natchez Garden Club has *its* house too, only it is not exactly a house but a tavern. Only it is a dry tavern. The club bought it for historical purposes. Since the lady who accompanied me through *these* premises was possessed of a drawl fifty fathoms deep, I can only offer what I understood and what was relayed to me by interpreters. The joint was built prior to 1795 when the area lay under Spanish rule and was a part of Florida. The view from the second deck, which formerly gave out to a parade ground, is now partly

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CREDIT DUE: Through an inadvertent oversight, which the editors regret, Robert Meyer, Jr. was not identified as the author of the WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR (*SR* Jan. 11). The Calendar as compiled by Mr. Meyer, lists outstanding events of interest to tourists for every day of the year in more than fifty countries. Mr. Meyer, an authority in this field, is the author of several books, including "Festivals Europe" and "Festivals USA."

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obscured by the Natchez Ice Company; still, it is possible to see the river flowing under the bluffs.

I rolled northward, part of the way on the Natchez Trace, on a pleasant enough afternoon, traveling towards Vicksburg, and as the heart of Dixie unfolded on both sides of the car I could scarcely keep from contemplating the controversies that will rage anew as more leatherbaggers roll south as tourists. I found the South, in the wake of the Supreme Court decision and the Little Rock encounter, more defensive than I had ever known it. The most innocent social question would evoke an immediate defensive flurry. On the subject of the Negro vote in the South one acquaintance told me, "Not many Negroes vote (in Mississippi), but if we gave them the vote we'd probably have to drive them to the polls and we'd be criticized for that." On the subject of Southern courts, a Southern businessman said suddenly, "You people are always bringing up the Till case. Don't you have any miscarriages of justice in the North? It's funny we never hear about them. Do your newspapers hush them up?" The strange part of this exchange was that the Till case hadn't even been mentioned. I had been, I answered, much more appalled by the case of the innocent colored man who was talking over a back fence to his girl when he was suddenly set upon by whites, castrated with razor blades, and his wounds washed in turpentine. "Those things embarrass us," a Southern writer told me calmly, "but I'm getting a little fed up at the Northern attitude. I get the idea you think we are a bunch of chimpanzees down here. We have equal justice. Why, I know a lawyer in my home town raped a colored girl. You know what happened to him?" "No," I offered, "Life imprisonment? Electric chair?" My companion slid over these possibilities and mentioned a fate worse than life or death. "He was disbarred. The fellow is ruined forever."

WHEN the conversation and the countryside palled in our car I turned to the papers. In the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* I was rather taken aback by a full-page advertisement for the five-plank platform of one Leonard W. Gunzburg, a candidate for mayor of New Orleans. Mr. Gunzburg was quick to point out that he is a native and lifetime resident of New Orleans, that he is a Catholic, that his ancestry was French and German, that he was married outside the church, had been divorced, and was not remarried. The five planks of Mr. Gunzburg's platform were Continued Segregation, Reorganized Police Force, Sincere District Attorney, Solve Business Parking, and Better Streets for Less. In behalf of plank number one, Mr. Gunzburg made the following statement:

1. CONTINUED SEGREGATION

I will do all within my power and the power of the office I hold to uphold segregation in the city of New Orleans as it has been in the past. Nothing will influence or sway me in this, my number one pledge to you. I will remove 75 per cent of Chep Morrison's negroes from the New Orleans police department. I will remove all of Chep Morrison's and Hubert's negroes from the District Attorney's office. I will remove 75 per cent of Chep Morrison's negroes from the city jobs and return them to the white race that originally held these jobs before Chep Morrison became Mayor. I will do everything within my power to help advance the colored race in schools, playgrounds, and in a better way of living and learning because it is my strong belief that these benefits can only be achieved as they have been in the past by segregation. I again repeat that I will do everything within my power to uphold the rights and our way of living which we, the white people, have always enjoyed.

Being a Catholic, I am a strong believer that man should not attempt to improve on the work of God. If God did not mean for there to be a difference between the negro and white races, he would not have made them different in color and structure. We all know that integrating our schools, buses, recreation centers, and places of business is only a step toward the ultimate demand for mixed marriages. When this is done the colored race eventually becomes white and is eliminated. This, I sincerely believe, is not the wish of God. Integration is being forced on us mostly by the white race which is comprised of the 10 per cent of the millionaire aristocrats and financial giants here in the city of New Orleans and throughout our country.

In their efforts to carry out this program, they support, buy and have elected into office politicians that will do their bidding. These supposed to be—better than you and me—people will not have to associate with the negro race, their children do not attend public schools, ride street cars, or have to come in contact with negroes. As you well know these aristocrats have their own circle; they do not even associate with the poor or middle class people of the white race. Mayor Morrison's record in office, and society, proves that a vote for Morrison is a vote for integration. If you are in favor of integration then you should definitely vote for Morrison and his entire ticket.

The decent and respectable negroes who are proud of their race do not favor forced integration and this serious situation is being brought on by the 10 per cent white aristocrats, and uneducated negroes of our time. I am asking for your vote because I am the only man in this race that can definitely carry out my above platform.

By the time I had gotten down to the bottom line, which was "Vote Gunzburg—Vote Segregation" we were on the outskirts of Vicksburg.

We went down to the river bank to look at the old paddlewheeler, the steamer *Sprague*, once one of the biggest cotton carriers. Now it sprouts a television aerial and at Pilgrimage time a group of players stage "Gold in the Hills" while the audience hoots and throws peanuts. We stopped at the Courthouse Museum, paid fifty cents admission for a look at photographs of the 4th of July parade of 1947, autographs of Members of Congress in 1852, a picture of the Fireman's Silver Cornet Band as they appeared in 1874, and a portrait of Phillip Gilbert of Vicksburg, first shoedealer to put each pair of shoes in a separate box [1884].

At a counter one could buy Southern gentlemen and colored mammy dolls, key rings hung with Confederate flags or an old brown jug, your choice. There was a large assortment of Confederate flags, a small collection of U.S. flags; visitors were invited to buy "Boost Dixie" stamps, and thereby "decorate your mail with Dixie's glorious colors . . . tell the world about Dixie's famous hospitality and sunny skies."

There was just time for a short drive through Vicksburg National Military Park, a look at the forest of marble markers, a glance at the graves of 16,000 soldiers, 13,000 of them unknown, before the sun went down across the Yazoo Canal.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Fiction

Continued from page 15

horn's story, which appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has the kind of depth and ampleness that one associates with a work of magnitude; it was written, in fact, as a section of a four-part novel to be published later this year.

The city of Rome provides the background as well as the unifying symbol, a caged she-wolf, for Hortense Calisher's polished and artful story of predatory and would-be predatory women abroad, "What a Thing, to Keep a Wolf in a Cage!," published (quite inevitably) in *Mademoiselle* and winner (perhaps less inevitably) of second prize. Third prize goes to George Steiner's "The Deeps of the Sea," out of *Botteghe Oscure*: the compelling story of Mr. Aaron Tefft, mariner, of Salem, who is haunted by his fear of the sea and seduced by the rapture of its depths. This is the most truly imaginative piece of work in the book, but the writing is at times inflated and the subordinate characters are only dimly projected. A prize might well have been awarded to Peter Matthiessen for the authority, power, and style of his "Travelin Man" (*Harper's Magazine*), a story of the South, in which a somewhat familiar situation, the hunt for an escaped Negro prisoner, is given a new twist.

Other selections that leave an impression are Leo Litwak's "The Making of a Clerk," an Army story full of brilliant insights, though unfortunately marred by an amateurish conclusion; "A Drink of Water," by T. K. Brown III, the brutally explicit and painful story of a paraplegic; Robin White's quietly humorous and touching "First Voice," a story of missionary life in modern India and of a young man's aspiration to sainthood; "My Apples," by Robert Granat, a disarmingly unpretentious first-person narrative that may be read as a parable; and Herbert Wilner's murky but occasionally electric compounding of sexual and racial tensions in "The Passion for Silver's Arm."

The magazines represented in this selection, aside from those already mentioned, range from *The University of Kansas City Review* and *Midstream* on the one hand to *Harper's Bazaar* and *Esquire* on the other, and the contents are as varied as the diversity of sources would suggest. *Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine, Mademoiselle,* and *The New Yorker,* with two stories each, carry off the publishing honors.

Uli Beigel—". . . talent and style."

Under-Age Amour

"Victoria at Night," by Uli Beigel *(Random House. 185 pp. $3), is a collection of short stories concerned with the problems of the sexually emancipated American girl.*

By Linda Brandi

IN a recent essay on the short story in *The Saturday Review*, William Peden wrote that despite "publishers' taboo" in bringing out books of short stories, more and more good collections are getting into print. He referred specifically to the impressive debuts of James Purdy and Harold Brodkey.

Add to this list the name of Uli Beigel, an extraordinary twenty-three-year-old writer who was born in Vienna and came to this country at the age of four. Despite her youth, Miss Beigel does not belong to the sensational school of girl-writers like Françoise Sagan or Pamela Moore. Her first book, "Victoria at Night," is, in most part, a serious, full-bodied study of the young American girl with complete sexual freedom who is trying to find herself.

Some years ago Mary McCarthy wrote stories about the sexually-liberated American woman in her twenties and thirties which highlighted the problems resulting from changing sex mores. Miss Beigel is concerned with the same problems, but her females are of an even younger age: girls in their teens, painfully gauche, unformed, emotionally unequipped to cope with themselves, who throw themselves into under-aged lovemaking. In "The Game," perhaps the most accomplished story in the book, a sixteen-year-old girl with vague yearnings for the artistic life falls in with a group of bohemian painters, one of whom is her lover. At a party of the avant-garde, she feels frighteningly alone and mute and in a desperate effort to make conversation, plays a little game with herself by setting up a row of drinks: each time she finishes a drink, she gets up and starts talking to someone, and in the end she gets sickeningly drunk. Victoria of the title story, "Victoria at Night," finds the sexual act pretty meaningless, but she indulges in it as a kind of sophisticated game (the Game is a leitmotif in many of the stories), and the psychological effects are devastating. With two of Miss Beigel's more intellectual young people, the love affair exists primarily for the benefit of their minds. In "The Merger," Anne's mind and personality have been completely absorbed by her egomaniacal lover and in several unhappy attempts to seek out a new identity, she finds her last convulsive retreat in suicide.

There is, however, a lighter side to Miss Beigel's writing, and that is pure enchantment. It occurs in her stories about childhood which deal with an odd little boy who loves his grandmother excessively, a ten-year-old girl whose first innocent conquest was an aging cosmetics salesman, and little Felix Jerome, "a leader among men as well as an outlaw and problem child." Worthy of special note in this group is "The Snapshots," a thoroughly delightful story about two small girls learning about the adult world.

Young Miss Beigel is someone to contend with: a writer of great talent and style.

HELLENIC INTRIGUE: Why is it, asks a character in **"Greek Fire"** (Doubleday, $3.95), "that a respectable publisher should come to Greece and stay at a third-rate hotel . . . and then move on from one dingy apartment to another so fast that the police cannot catch up with him?" Why, indeed, unless said publisher is the central figure in a novel of suspense—in which case his behavior is hardly exceptional. Gene Vanbrugh, the shifty publisher, has evidently more on his mind than signing up new authors, and once one accepts his quixotic motivation, Winston Graham's latest novel moves along with compelling pace and authority.

An American Graecophile and wartime Balkan operative, Vanbrugh appears in Athens with the self-imposed mission of scotching a Communist coup being hatched by an ostensibly liberal politician named Lascou. Vanbrugh barges into his adversary's love life as well as his political intriguing, and before long is involved with a pair of exotic murders, purloined letters, and Lascou's stunning paramour. "Greek Fire" is Mr. Graham's best book in some time. —MARTIN LEVIN.

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Letters

Continued from page 18

are put in motion: a poem is about to begin. I see the workman's clothes, I hear the whistle blowing in the poem-factory.

And there is above all the discipline of the poet enforcing his craft upon himself:

Thank God, writing is daily more difficult, less passes Uncle Head's blue-haired pencil that George Q. Heart doesn't care about, and that result, if only to you and me, is worth all the discarded shocks, the reluctantly shelved grand moony images, cut-&-come again cardpack of references.

Certainly it is this Thomas, rather than the roaring and bedeviled drunkard of the American legend, that the final biographers will find at the true center.

Perennial Little Boy

"Marcel Proust: Letters to His Mother," translated and edited with an introduction by George D. Painter *(Citadel Press. 238 pp. $4), offers, together with an essay by Pamela Hansford Johnson, an insight into a paradox: a brainy man with a childlike personality. Douglas W. Alden, of Princeton University, who reviews the book for us, is editor of "Introduction to French Masterpieces."*

By Douglas W. Alden

WHEN he was twenty-one she still called him "wolf," which is an expression of endearment in French, and then he graduated to "my darling." He always answered "dearest little mama," and, to the very end (she died when he was thirty-four), he concluded his letters to her with his private formula "a thousand tender kisses." One is tempted to call Proust's mother the center of his universe. The perennial little boy, who, in "Remembrance of Things Past," never outgrew the need for his mother's goodnight kiss, lives again in this remarkable correspondence, which an American, Professor Philip Kolb, published for the first time in 1953 in the original French. Last year a translation of part of this correspondence by George D. Painter appeared in England, and now the Citadel Press has issued an American reprint of the English version.

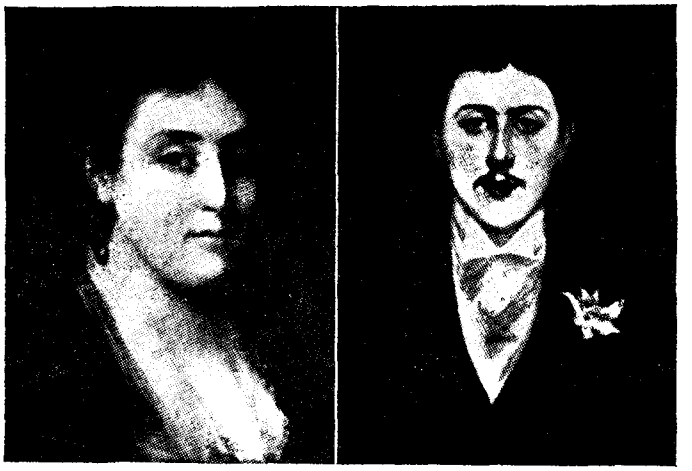
American devotees of Proust who cannot read him in the vernacular will welcome this opportunity to look deeper into the inner workings of one of the most complex nervous systems and of one of the most brilliant minds in the history of world literature. They will continue to marvel at how such an intellect can exist simultaneously with such emotional immaturity. In these often interminable and hastily scribbled letters, Proust was not writing for posterity but for the one person from whom his childlike personality had no secrets—except the one great secret of his inversion. If the reader of "Remembrance" ever doubted that so strange a genius as the narrator could have existed in real life, he has only to turn to "Letters to his Mother" to find the same character revealed even more candidly than before. In a sense, these letters add much to the plausibility of "Remembrance."

The English translator has given over the first forty-eight pages of this little volume to a biographical essay on Proust by himself and to a general essay on Proust's work by Pamela Johnson. Doubtless his intention was to ease the casual reader into the reading of the letters. Although the essays in themselves are an excellent general introduction to Proust and his work, they are not sufficient to protect the casual reader from the bewilderment in which he will find himself after the first few pages of the letters. All of Proust's letters, whether they are written to André Gide, Jacques Rivière, or just to his mother, are simultaneously brilliant and trivial. That is because he did not look upon them as literature but merely as his means of communication with the outside world, from which his eccentric habits excluded him. It probably never occurred to him that his letters would have any other ultimate destination than the nearest wastebasket.

For a devotee of Proust, the very triviality of "Letters to his Mother" is their greatest interest, but one can well imagine the casual reader being annoyed, after the first few letters, by all these nauseating details concerning Proust's physical body and by all these social figures who keep popping in and out of the letters so frequently that an appendix is needed to keep them straight. With a few exceptions (the best being when Marcel stamps on Fénelon's hat in a fit of anger), the letters do not have much anecdotal interest and, especially, do not provide the reader with anything remotely resembling a biography of Proust.

The translator would have done much greater service to the English-speaking reader of Proust if he had foregone the temptation to publish the introductory essays and had devoted the space (assuming that the publisher had something to say in this pecuniary matter) to the letters of Proust's mother which Professor Kolb had also published in the original French volume. To be sure, the mother is hardly her son's equal in literary brilliance; but still she is one of the main characters of "Remembrance," and any reader of Proust would have welcomed this opportunity to make Mme. Proust's acquaintance in real life.

Except for one or two inevitable Gallicisms, the English style of the translation is excellent and is frequently an improvement on the unpolished original. The translator is a writer of considerable ability and is now engaged in working on still another biography of Proust. However, the reader gains the impression from the preface that he has done much more editing of these letters than he has actually accomplished.



—*From the book.*

Mme. Adrien Proust and Marcel Proust—"'dearest little mama.'"

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Biography

Continued from page 21

Jones and of a literary craftsman like Stefan Zweig. In the meantime, however, let us be grateful for this careful and competent biography.

Unquestionably U

***"Voltaire in Love," by Nancy Mitford** (Harper. 320 pp. $5), offers an intimate view of the goings-on of French society in the Age of Enlightenment. Virgilia Peterson, who is a vital figure in the New York literary scene, reviews it.*

By Virgilia Peterson

IT IS especially clever of Nancy Mitford, whose cleverness is notorious, to have adopted for her biographical sketches that eighteenth century to which by temperament she so clearly belongs. Unbefuddled by illusions, more amused than troubled by immorality, Miss Mitford seems to accept without difficulty adulteries, betrayals, hypocrisies, false reckonings, and venomous feuds—provided, of course, that they have the requisite *panache*. If, to more puritanically oriented minds, the goings-on of French society in the Age of Enlightenment seem embarrassingly non-U, to Miss Mitford the style, the flair, the plumed manner of their doing renders them unquestionably U. By this measure, needless to add, Voltaire was the embodiment of U-ness.

Hers is a personal view of a man whose political, intellectual, and one might say metaphysical stature has been disputed by scholars for 200 years. She makes no attempt, with "Voltaire in Love," to joust with scholars. What she has done is to comb memoirs and letters for all the facts and gossip which could shed light on his private life.

Luckily for Miss Mitford, the twenty-year-long love affair of Voltaire and the Marquise du Châtelet was the subject of so much comment and conjecture that she has been able to reconstruct it almost month by month, despite the fact that all but two or three brief notes out of the volumes of letters they themselves exchanged have mysteriously disappeared. It is not, therefore, from what Voltaire and his Emilie wrote to each other, but from what they wrote about each other to mutual friends and from what these friends wrote about them to other friends, that the author has elaborated the story of the relationship.

François-Marie Arouet, self-named de Voltaire, son of a prosperous Paris notary, an *enfant terrible* from the start and far too witty, shrewd, and elegant to follow in his father's stodgy footsteps, had already become the darling of aristocratic society and had already had considerable trouble over his preposterously unseemly writings by the time he met Emilie du Châtelet. Emilie, married to a soldier with a celebrated name and, by the time she and Voltaire began their liaison the mother of two half-grown children, was a woman of insatiable intellect —mathematician and apostle of the new Newtonianism—and also a woman of insatiable passions. She was not above sending for a handsome footman to replenish her hot bath as she lay in it; but she was so far above all the women and most of the men of her society in mental reach and grasp that even Voltaire did not suffice her, though of him at least she could not have too much.

Louis XV of France and his Queen and his mistresses, the exiled King of Poland, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and their bejeweled *entourages* were the arbiters of Voltaire's world. Some coveted and others despised him; none was indifferent to his existence. But between courting these Courts and flying in their faces; between rising and falling in their favor; between piling up the brilliant successes and living down the great scandals of his professional career; between fighting what today would undoubtedly be called his neurotic symptoms and tossing off play after play in bursts of incredible creative energy, Voltaire managed to meet the demands of a woman who was herself a kind of genius, to establish an equable relation with her husband and children, to tolerate and outlast her other lovers, and to keep secret both from her own and everyone else's prying eyes the fact of his love affair with a widowed niece by whose side, after Madame du Châtelet's death in childbirth, he was to live out the twenty-nine years still left him.

Voltaire called the critics, whom he hated, "insects of a single day." Even for such transient creatures, however, there exists the problem of turning that "single day" to good account. Yet a book such as Nancy Mitford's "Voltaire in Love"—neither fiction nor biography in the strict sense—cannot easily be assayed. There is no doubt, however, that in her inimitable, hard, bright way she gives us, in this unquestionably entertaining and gleefully wicked picture of that earlier society, a new perspective on our own.

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England

Continued from page 20

it is true, be said of Sheppard that he was a victim of circumstances." Similarly, after describing the abysmal conditions of the laboring class, Mr. Hibbert admits that Sheppard's mother and foster-father were sober, respectable, and generous people.

A far more accurate and methodical picture of the eighteenth century, embracing all its social and economic classes, emerges from Miss Marshall's closely reasoned and closely printed book. Admittedly its scope is much broader and deeper than Mr. Hibbert's; and it makes heavy reading compared to picaresque adventure. With no axe to grind—and no master criminal to embellish—its judicious analysis is a valuable corrective to distorted social history: "Bad as social conditions seem to the conscience of the twentieth century, the historian must record that they appear to have been improving, that a century of philanthropic effort and increasing production was having a beneficial effect on the standard of life of the laboring poor."

ELIZABETHAN LIFE: The price of Lu Emily Pearson's **"Elizabethans at Home"** (Stanford University Press, $8.75) is high, but it would have been much higher—if, indeed, the book could have been published at all—were it not for the Ford Foundation's new policy of helping subsidize the books of American university presses. This is a hefty volume, containing more than 600 pages of closely-printed text, plus twenty-nine illustrations. In fact, it is an encyclopedia, made possible by Dr. Pearson's assimilation of a vast variety of books about domestic life in the Elizabethan age. It has much more information on its particular range of subjects than does the book with which it will inevitably be compared, Lee and Onions's two-volume "Shakespeare's England." In it can be found—though not as readily as would be the case if a more detailed index were provided—all that anybody could want to know about the houses the Elizabethans lived in, the clothes they wore, the food they ate, the education they gave their children, their customs and rituals.

Both Dr. Pearson's style, which is more matter-of-fact than vivid, and the sheer weight of material will discourage readers in search of casual entertainment or of painless instruction. But the book is a "must" item for everyone interested in social history. —RICHARD D. ALTICK.

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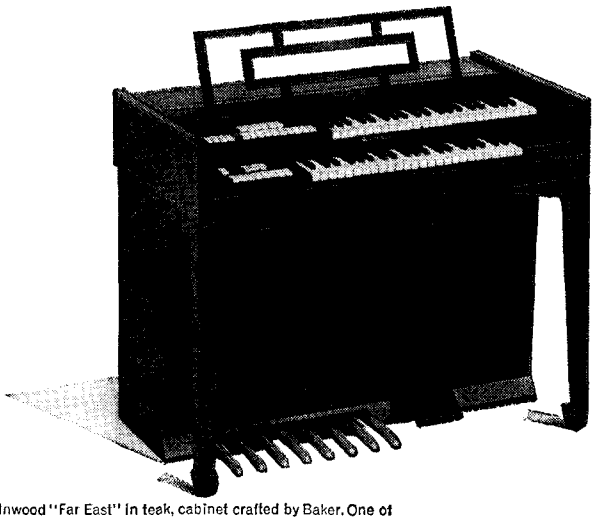

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During the past year, headlines have begun telling the exciting possibilities of new high-energy chemical fuels for jet engines and rockets. These boron-based fuels can produce half again as much energy per pound as the best petroleum products, and they are expected to give longer range and higher speed to missiles as well as aircraft.

The transition of *boron hydrides* from a test-tube novelty to an important factor in national defense began shortly after World War II when a group of chemists at the General Electric Research Laboratory entered upon a seven-year program to seek methods of manufacturing *diborane* (B_2H_6) and *pentaborane* (B_5H_9) in large quantities.

Dr. Norman Kirk had a key role in the development and construction of the first pilot plant for these early exotic fuels. He and his associates combined scientific knowledge and engineering skill to develop practical methods for making and handling boron hydrides. By the time General Electric's pioneering program had been completed in 1953, Dr. Kirk's group had successfully solved the problems created by the fact that boron hydrides have a toxicity equal to deadly war gas, and some have explosive characteristics so critical that contact with only a small amount of air can be catastrophic.

Until now, national security requirements have delayed public recognition of past work in boron hydrides by Dr. Kirk and his associates. But their contributions were an outstanding example of the kind of fundamental groundwork that must be done before new scientific knowledge can actually be applied to the defense of our nation.

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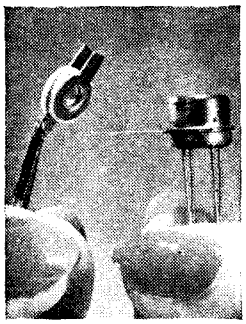

—G.E. Research Lab.

SR Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait—XXIV • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Toward Social Responsibility

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

WILL WE TRAVEL TO MARS ON MAGNETIC POWER?

AS INHABITANTS of the planet Earth we human members of the animal kingdom are accustomed to see matter in only three states: solid, liquid and gas. But the globe on which we dwell is a mere speck of dust in the star-sprinkled ocean of time in which we float. Almost everywhere else in the billions of miles of space around us, matter consists principally of a fourth state—plasma.

Plasma is gas, heated to such a degree that its molecules have broken into their constituent atoms, and the atoms themselves have come apart at the seams, freeing their outer lining of electrons to fly wildly about in company with but separate from the protons and neutrons that make up the atomic nucleii. In their headlong passage to and fro, these positively and negatively charged particles collide, disintegrate, combine, and convert some of their material substance into energy. It is this energy which lights all the stars, including our Sun.

Astronomers have watched the behavior of plasma through their telescopes for centuries. What they have seen has always been obscured and distorted by the burblings of Earth's atmosphere which we call weather. Often men have dreamed of getting a closer look, but until quite recently they were held off by a fearful respect for the scorching that plasma radiations could bestow on all things living.

Nothing has happened to change the odds on what would happen to anyone who ventured too close to a star. But the repeated explosions of H-bombs here on Earth have quieted fears that the process of atomic fusion which occurs in plasma might incinerate the planet. And nuclear scientists have been emboldened to invent ways and means of bringing the stars safely indoors.

Ordinarily, papers written for scientific publications are so exactly phrased as to sound dull to the uninitiate. Occasionally, however, the excitement of exploration breaks through. It did in the case of Richard F. Post's now famous description of "An Application of the Physics of High Temperature Plasmas" in the July 1956 *Reviews of Modern Physics*.

"It has been said," he wrote, being as impersonal about it as can well be imagined, "that the achievement of a controlled fusion reaction represents one of the great scientific challenges of the century. This fact alone would provide sufficient stimulus to the physicists of today to tackle the problem with vigor. But a broader look will show that the motivations are much deeper. Sobering studies of population trends and the great humanitarian needs for improving the health and standard of living of the majority of the world's peoples show the need for an astounding growth in power production capabilities in the world.

"If these extrapolations prove to be valid, fossil fuels such as coal and oil would fall far short of satisfying the demands in less than a century. Even the recoverable solar energy incident on all the accessible land area of the Earth would scarcely equal some predictions of the power requirements a century from now. If the predicted demand is to be satisfied and maintained, there remains only nuclear fission or nuclear fusion as a source of large quantities of energy. It is estimated that the energy reserve of fissionable fuels which are economically processable is roughly twenty-five times that of fossil fuels. Large though this reserve is, it would represent only a relatively few decades of energy needs in the possible world of a century from now. By comparison, the energy requirements of that future era could be supplied for a billion years by fusion of only the deuterium (heavy hydrogen) in the oceans. Fusion fuel is essentially inexhaustible."

The secret of this endless fuel supply was hidden deep, however, in the incandescence of plasma. How could man discover it with the puny tools at his disposal? "One of the tantalizing things" that physicist Post mentioned in typical understatement "is the difficulty of performing measurements." He explained:

"If . . . the experimental physicist . . . were studying, say, the solid state properties of quartz, he would first order some quartz from a chemical supplier. He would then devise certain experimental tests and bring to bear in the course of the experiments a number of well-understood techniques, such as optical and electrical measurements or even acoustical methods. Moving the piece of quartz from one experimental setup to another, he would assemble data from which he could obtain a precise picture of the properties of the material quartz.

"Contrast this situation with that of the physicist engaged in controlled fusion research. . . . He will find it rather difficult to order a liter or so of hot plasma from his supplier. The material he is to study must be manufactured in the course of the experiment."

Making star-stuff would be an impossible business without the fundamental knowledge gained from years of painstaking observation by astron-

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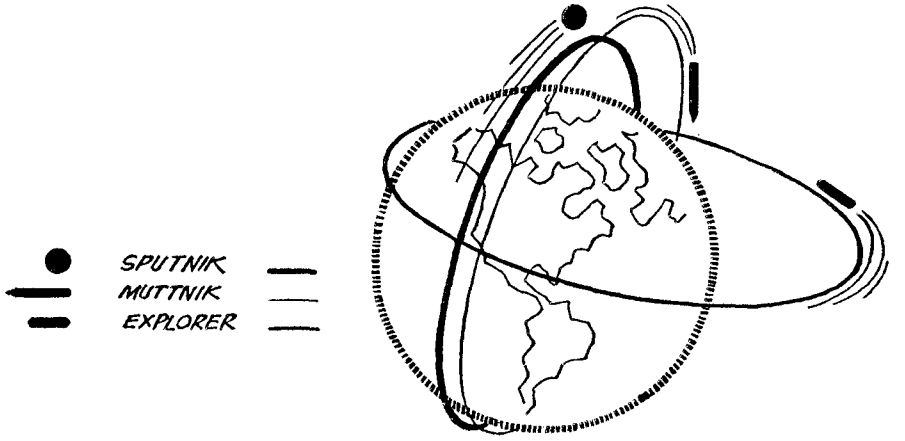

THE FIRST AMERICAN MADE MOON was slow in rising. But now that it is up there it promises more genuine scientific information from beyond Earth's atmosphere than has been radioed back by Russia's Sputnik and Muttnik. By traveling farther out into space (the orbits indicated in the sketch above are proportional, with the Earth itself shrunken for effect) Explorer can sample a greater reach of the unknown.

omers of many lands. To begin with, there is no known Earth substance capable of surviving contact with hot plasma, much less containing temperatures running into millions of degrees. The first inference to be drawn from the star-gazers' work was that since the Sun is held together by the magnetic-like force known as gravity, it might be possible to contain plasma within a magnetic field. This proves to be practical because the presence of free electrons makes plasma a good conductor of electricity, and electricity is subject to magnetism. The hotter the temperature becomes, the easier the electricity flows—a hundred times or more easier than the current flow through a copper wire. One significant result is that plasma "sticks" to the invisible lines of magnetic force so that magnets can drive it along or hold it back.

This magnetic manipulation of plasma is what British and American scientists have done in the fusion experiments reported simultaneously last month in London and Washington. Progress of that work is still so ambiguously defined because of Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis Strauss' insistence on outdated secrecy regulations that nothing more definite than this statement is possible: The British believe that Zeta, their doughnut-shaped glass star-maker, has accomplished a breakthrough toward peaceful H-power equivalent to Enrico Fermi's first atomic A-furnace fire at Chicago on December 2, 1942.

Important though the H-power experiments undoubtedly are, we find another manipulation of plasma even more fascinating. This one amounts to making star-stuff in the sky itself and then subjecting it to magnetic force as a means of propelling us through interplanetary space much faster.

The starting point for this new adventure is the fact that the exhaust gas from a rocket's tail is plasma. The exhaust stream, therefore, conducts electricity. By throwing an electric current into the stream, and applying magnetic force to the current, it is possible to kick the exhaust out of the rocket faster and so accelerate the vehicle's speed.

Dr. William R. Sears, director of the Graduate School of Aeronautical Engineering at Cornell University and chairman of the fluid mechanism subcommittee of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, described the theory of the process in a February lecture at the National Academy of Sciences in Washington. He said that studies by E. R. Ressler and himself indicate that speeds attainable through use of the magnetic accelerator have no theoretical limit.

Because, as noted earlier, plasma "sticks" to the lines of magnetic force applied to it, Dr. Sears' unique method of propulsion can also be turned into an effective rocket brake. The plasma in this instance is the air flowing around the rocket's nose. Atoms in the airstream are stripped of their electrons by heat rising from friction. The hurtling vehicle compresses the air immediately in front of itself, creating a bonnetlike phenomenon with plasma's usual electrical conductivity.

Suitable chemicals, such as sodium or potassium, can easily be heated to the point where their electrons separate from their atomic nucleii. When small amounts of this ionized gas is squirted forward from within the rocket through high pressure nozzles, the plasma whooshing along outside becomes several times as conductive as salt water. Through magnets installed on the rocket skin, the very air can thus be turned into a retarding force, with electrical currents acting like strings on the bonnet and slowing the rocket sufficiently to bring human passengers safely back to Earth.

• • •

WE HAVE discussed the theoretical potential of magnetic power for propulsion because of its intrinsic scientific interest—not because we think anyone is going to use it to take off soon for the Moon. In fact, we're beginning to suspect that man's first trip into space won't be headed for the Moon at all. The Moon has no evidence of atmosphere that astronomers can find, and it has a strong gravitational pull. Those combined circumstances could give a novice astronavigator lots of trouble, not only in landing but in taking off for the return home. Two warnings to that effect have reached our desk almost simultaneously. One comes from Dr. Jan Schilt, professor of astronomy at Columbia University; the other from Moscow, in a Soviet pamphlet titled "Interplanetary Travel." Both say it would be better to try the first landing on either Deimos or Phobos, the five-to-ten-mile wide moons of Mars.

• • •

IN THE fantastically high temperatures of tomorrow's plasma-conscious world, you might not expect the old-fashioned vacuum tube to stand up. Amplifiers of the superheated future, you might suppose, would be exclusively transistors, the "little giants" of power transmission that everyone talks about. But if you were to proceed on any such assumption you would be brought up short before tomorrow arrived. Even now the research laboratory of General Electric at Schenectady, N.Y., is making a tube that functions in a temperature range from 900 to 1500 degrees Fahrenheit. Consequently, it doesn't require a heater and can be cut down in size to a quarter inch width and less than an eighth of an inch thickness. It appears in our masthead photograph (page 37) as a tiny circular sandwich if you'd like to compare it to a transistor (on the right hand side of the picture) or to a dainty feminine fingernail. Fashioned of titanium and ceramic, it is practically shockproof.

• • •

WE HAVE been among those discouraged by the National Science Foundation's reluctance to openly and vigorously declare the national science

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policies for which it was created by the Congress. But now we must in fairness report an announcement that has come from NSF director Dr. Alan T. Waterman. It may be the beginning of the end of withdrawal from the marketplace of public problems. In this statement NSF plunges directly into the most immediate and disturbing question of the day—the current economic recession.

"The effect of . . . (research) . . . in stabilizing and promoting the growth of the economy, especially in periods of recession" will be "one of the leading topics" at a conference NSF is planning for the spring. So the announcement said. The setting: Washington, D.C. The date: undecided. Dr. Waterman added these details: "The conference will bring together key people from all sectors of the economy, private industry, government, universities, and research organizations concerned with the effects of research and development on the individual firm, educational institutions, the defense effort and the economy as a whole. . . . Leading authorities in the R & D field will participate. Proceedings . . . will be published by the Foundation."

• • •

IN OPENING an exhibition of "100 Books Famous in Science," a collection of nearly $1 million's worth of first editions assembled by the Grolier Club in New York, Harvard University's History of Science Professor I. Bernard Cohen made a remark which we think ought to be chiseled in stone: "We . . . should (not) . . . wish to stop the progress of science, even if we could. But we can control the applications made of scientific discoveries and we can ensure that those who practice science be not cultural barbarians. To do so does not mean that we make our scientists and engineers take six semester hours of great books, but rather that they recognize the cultural values of their own pursuits."

• • •

THE coming Parliament of Science (see page 41) could perform a rare public service if it were somehow to convey to organized labor the significance of union attitudes toward education. What America desperately needs is a return to respect for hard work and high standards of performance, to fair recognition of individual effort. Most of the scientists of the future will come, as have those of the past, from workers' homes. They will be encouraged or discouraged by what their fathers think and do.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

Where does progress begin?

Kendall Preston Jr., S.M. in engineering from Harvard University . . . graduate of the Laboratories' Communications Development Training Program.

Progress begins in the mind—in the perception and appreciation of new ideas. In the past the ideas that sparked progress too often had to wait on the random interest of genius. Today more and more new ideas come from men trained to an awareness of that which is yet to be accomplished.

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Bell Laboratories provides the young college graduate with *unique opportunities* to develop his creative abilities. During his first two years, he spends two or three days a week as part of his job, taking postgraduate courses in basic mathematics, physics and electronics. This he does at a graduate study center which has been established at the Laboratories by New York University. As he gathers a broad fundamental knowledge which will enable him to tackle every type of communications problem, he also gathers credits toward advanced degrees. To round out his education, he spends a third year on special phases of communications technology.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

CHEER!

THANK YOU very much for calling my attention to the scientific section (*SR*/RESEARCH, Feb. 1) in the latest issue of *The Saturday Review*.

When the National Science Foundation was under consideration, there were members of Congress, particularly in the Senate, who were afraid of a social science study.

The special commission on civil rights had made a report to the President on how to make the rights amendments to the Constitution effective. The title of the report was "To Secure These Rights."

Senator Smith of New Jersey, who had been connected with Princeton University in a secretarial capacity, was very sure that the ignorant Missouri farmer in the White House would know nothing of the requirements of "Science" (sic).

Senator Smith came to see me and told me very frankly that since I had no education to speak of and, of course, knew nothing about "Science," his Senate committee, in his opinion, should name the men who would operate the Foundation.

It was necessary for me to tell him, very carefully and diplomatically, that the President would make those appointments. If the bill provided for the "advice and consent" of the Senate, which I hoped it would, then the Senate could have its conversations about the men recommended by the President.

The Southern Senators were afraid of equality of education and equality of opportunity as set out in the famous report referred to before in this letter.

I am happy as I can be that progress is being made in the operation and administration of the National Science Foundation. My heart was in it from the start to finish, and it still is.

HARRY S. TRUMAN.

Independence, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We hereby welcome former President Truman to our club: The Unaffiliated Friends of Science Who Are Not Always Appreciated By The Scientists.*

TWO CHEERS!!

MY COMPLIMENTS on your (*SR*/RESEARCH) section of the February 1, 1958 issue of the *Saturday Review!* The articles by Alpert and Herring are excellent. Their impact is materially increased by your introductory "Notes" and concluding "Report Card."

DONALD YOUNG,
President,
Russell Sage Foundation.

New York, N. Y.

THREE CHEERS!!!

YOU DID A fine job on . . . the issue built around the social sciences.

JOHN W. GARDNER,
President,
Carnegie Corporation.

New York, N. Y.

AND A HOOT

THE ILLUSTRATION on page 40 of your February 1st issue, accompanying the plea for more government support for social science by Pendleton Herring, ["The Knowledge We Need Most"], is misleading. It purports to show that government fellowships are awarded about nine times more commonly in the life and physical sciences. However, a much larger discrepancy has been manufactured in the mind of the reader through the use of drawings of human beings in place of bars on the graph. This results because of the much greater area of the larger figure; indeed, because the mind tends to make the drawings of humans three dimensional, any real difference between the two entities being compared is compounded exponentially to the power of three.

Darrell Huff, in his "How to Lie with Statistics," calls this technique the "one-dimensional picture" illusion.

Part of the problem of support for the social-sciences is the result of ill-defined lack of confidence in the objectivity of outlook and methods of some of its practitioners by those members of the scientific community more accustomed to rigid adherence to scientific methods.

GERALD H. WHIPPLE.

Foxborough, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Another factor in the relative neglect of social science is the tendency of practitioners of other scientific disciplines to cloud the issue. Our sketcher was not a social scientist.*

BROADENING INTEREST

YOU EXPRESSED an understandable regret (*SR*/RESEARCH, Feb. 1) that the National Academy of Sciences should ignore the contributions of behavioral scientists. I am sure you will be pleased to know that . . . some of the most distinguished American anthropologists and psychologists have been elected to Academy membership. A Section on Anthropology has existed since the last century. The Section was broadened to include psychologists in 1911. In 1948, separate Sections were established in recognition of the increasing scientific contributions by members of these two disciplines. . . . There is also a very active Division of Anthropology and Psychology within the National Research Council.

HOWARD J. LEWIS,
Director of Public Information,
National Academy of Sciences,
National Research Council.

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We welcome the correction not only because our original remark was in part wrong, but also because we are afforded opportunity to note that NRC interest in the social sciences has been broadened in the last few weeks as a result of the friendly intervention of Vice President Richard Nixon and Assistant President James R. Killian, Jr. A cooperative study panel encompassing all seven social sciences is being set up by Academy president Detlev W. Bronk and Social Science Research Council president Pendleton Herring.*

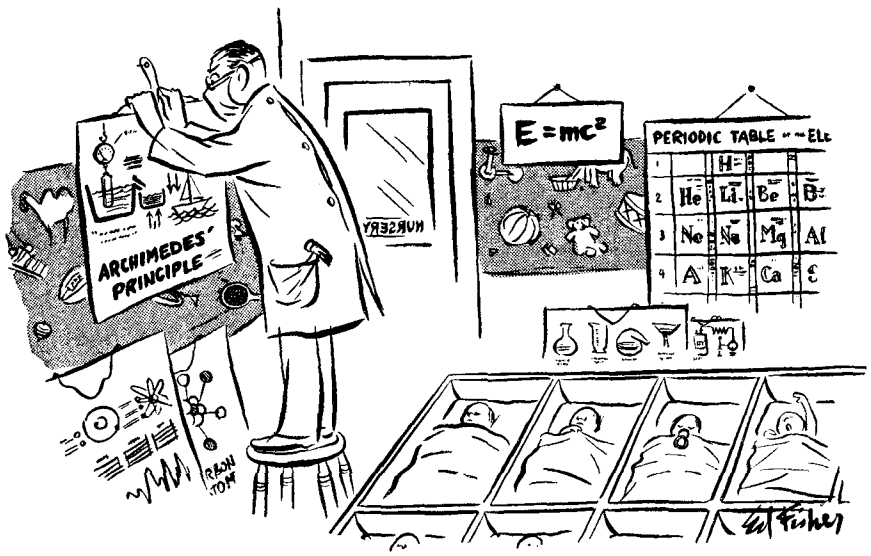
MISUNDERSTANDING

IN A RECENT issue of your magazine (*SR*/RESEARCH, Jan. 4) there was a statement that I am writing a book about Enrico Fermi. I am not writing such a book.

PEARL S. BUCK.

Perkasie, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Atomic scientists associated with the late Enrico Fermi told us Pearl Buck has interviewed them at length on their personal reactions to working with Fermi on the A-bomb. They quoted her as saying she was doing research for a book. In reporting this we assumed that author Buck's fame as a novelist was so well known to our readers that they would expect whatever characters she wrote about to be not Fermi and his band but her own fictional creations.*



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America's first Parliament of Science will convene in Washington, D. C. on March 15, 16, and 17. It is a creature of concerns expressed by the American Association for the Advancement of Science Committee on the Social Aspects of Science. A hundred of the country's foremost researchers and a dozen noted humanists are now in course of nomination to debate and vote "such conclusions and recommendations as are agreed upon" in five areas of science policy presently in conflict before the U.S. Congress: organization and administration of the nation's science effort; support for science; communication of scientific findings; selection and guidance of students; improvement of teaching. SR/RESEARCH, *as an interested party to all impingements of scientific endeavor on society, commends to Parliament delegates this proposal*

TOWARD SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

A Method for Anticipating Explosive Consequences of Science

By RICHARD L. MEIER

REPEATEDLY in the past few decades certain lines of scientific work have reached a point where a specific outcome could be foreseen as imminent or probable. It was also apparent that technical innovations would result which obviously could have far-reaching consequences. Under these circumstances some kind of action is warranted, so as to reduce the shocks resulting from abrupt technological change. But who in our society is capable of initiating it? Who shares the responsibility? Once studies aimed at discovering the range of social consequences have begun, how can they be organized so that society is able to make the desirable adjustments? Finally, within this framework, what is the logic that can be applied?

Many scientists have argued this problem. Those who have been willing to speak out seem to have been worrying more about living with their own consciences than about the ultimate welfare of people. Most of the nonvocal scientists have developed the rather conventional philosophy that, as long as the original purpose of a line of research was good, the world should take the risk of the consequences of the truths that will be found. This leaves unresolved the quandary of how the stability of the society itself should be maintained.

Because each scientist makes only a fragmentary contribution to a given development of any significance, it is as a practical matter meaningless for him to accept the responsibility for his own work. If scientists as a group were impelled to take some collective responsibility for analyzing and advising on the consequences of their new findings, each being the other's keeper, they would require some mechanism for dividing up the task. Very likely some of the scientists would be asked to forego scientific investigation temporarily and take on an assignment to inquire, in cooperation with others, into the possible social, economic, and political consequences of a given line of research.

Many scientists already have been drawn into the administration of research programs. They investigate proposals and then make recommendations regarding how the available research funds may best be allocated between these proposals. When many diverse projects bear upon a single important objective such scientists provide the necessary liaison. However, these men find that they are usually expected by their superiors to further the ends of the department or service, not to see the problems in their totality. Seldom is free time allowed to do a really serious analysis and projection of the ancillary and unintended consequences of key programs for which they are responsible. Administrative scientists are able to take a longer view than the policy makers themselves but not so comprehensively as the facts and potentials warrant.

NEVERTHELESS, a line of responsibility has been discovered. It leads from the laboratory scientist to the administrative scientist and thence into the organizational wilderness from which the research budgets and salary checks come. The initiative for activating this line must be taken by the technical administrators in government, industry, and private institutions. Many of them have had scientific training and are still included in the profession when considered in the larger sense. They can fight for, and achieve, in some instances at least, resources and time which permit thinking ahead and exploring the consequences of programs with which they are connected.

However, the registry of warnings and recommendations is not the end. Executives are seldom moved by the existence of an isolated report, particularly if it should be confidential. They are unlikely to make good sense out of it, especially if some unprecedented kinds of legislation or other action would be required. Therefore, if the desired adjustments are ever to come to pass, a persuasive case must be made out. Parties interested in the needed changes should be mobi-

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lized to press for them. The forces in opposition would need to be checked by demonstrating the logical weakness in their positions. This is political action. It is forbidden to the scientist-administrator as it is to all other administrators.

THERE may nevertheless be a way out of this ethical tangle. Perhaps alongside every research program of any dimensions, or in large research centers such as the major universities which carry on many diverse projects, there should be a project which specifically sets out to discover what may be the social consequences of the new discoveries or even the anticipated discoveries. If continuous communication can be established between the laboratories and the exploration of potential effects, it is quite possible that new questions would be asked, and that the outcome of the research would yield a greater net benefit to society. Looked at from the professional point of view, the greater range of questions would make for better science, particularly in the exploratory and applied areas but occasionally even in the most esoteric realms of pure science.

It is easy enough to set aside some funds for inquiries into ancillary and unintended consequences to be expected from the application of new knowledge. It is more difficult to find personnel who understand the languages of science as employed at the frontiers of knowledge and also have the capacity to work in the complex area of extrapolated social and economic trends. In this age of extreme specialization it is only by accident that persons with this mixed professional training ever appear.

The solution which suggests itself therefore is a familiar one. The persons who must inevitably assume responsibility, if anyone is to do so on a practical basis, should delegate the fact-seeking, the situation-describing, and the alternatives-formulating aspects of this responsibility to others who are as expert on this area as anyone who can be found. The final decision making can only rest with the authorities who are established in a democratic society in the form of an elected executive as constrained by a legislature and a judicial system. However, the wisdom of any decision to a very large extent depends upon the quality of the work put into the job of assembling and interpreting the facts. Since each innovation requiring consideration is, by definition, a novel phenomenon, there can be no experts—in the true sense of the word—available to the administrative scientists. Each development must be treated on its own merits by seeking out the most experienced persons with the most appropriate talents. They would take on the appraisal of the impact of the innovation as their research task for a while. They would be expected to produce increasingly explicit estimates of the effects, direct and indirect, following upon the introduction of the innovation.

How might they proceed? Was the scientific method in which these investigators were trained really intended to be stretched this far? What preparation has there been for roles such as these?

Progress in science requires both synthesis and thorough criticism. Where, within this scheme of things, would we fit a group which was trying to describe, first, an innovation that had not yet occurred, second, a chain of consequences which could not be observed, and third, an environment and context which had not yet come into being?

Apparently they would be in the vanguard of the specialists in speculation and therefore more susceptible than anyone to devastating criticism. Should the group restrain its imaginations and discuss only what is reasonably sure, thus saying virtually nothing of significance to the administrative scientists and policy makers? Should they reiterate the obvious at length, or make a stab at being useful but insist that the whole report be kept in private circulation lest it ruin their reputations as scientists? Perhaps there exists still another course.

WHEN their tools and methods do not seem to fit the situation, scientists generally revert to common sense. What is the reasonable thing to do in this case? The first reaction would no doubt be to ask the following questions: What specifically is known, or can be discovered quickly, about the character of the innovation? What are the various limits and boundaries which can be deduced regarding its application? What are the costs, as far as they can be ascertained, and what are the foreseeable benefits for specific contexts? When is the innovation likely to arrive on the scene, and with what momentum?

However, knowing the innovation is not enough. They must also make some predictions regarding the structure and peregrinations of the society which is to feel the impact of the innovation. They are expected to be prophets! This gets perilously close to charlatanry, a designation which respectable scientists go to great lengths to avoid. Projection of the present into the future is like designing an experiment without taking the precaution of establishing the necessary controls. Yet scientists would readily admit that, if policy makers are to make wise decisions, they must have a view of the alternative futures.

Society has, of course, many possible future states. Each has a different chance of coming off as visualized. Only a fraction of the futures can be planned for—those which develop sequentially from the present without breakdown or major discontinuity. There exist among these some possibilities which are more promising than the others. They are generally defined by circumscribing the problem within certain limits. That is, if *A*, *B*, and *C* are anticipated as changes which can be successfully brought about while all other independent relationships continue according to present trends, then thus-and-so consequences seem likely. Out of discussion of these preliminary choices with the man doing policy planning, as many as a half dozen reasonably anticipated futures may be winnowed for more careful study. Under these circumstances, one could proceed to derive semi-quantitative conclusions in a manner familiar to scientists.

In effect the investigators are then

—*Stephen Lewellyn.*

Dr. Richard L. Meier.

AS DR. RICHARD L. MEIER points out elsewhere in these pages, proposals like his run against the grain of modern scientific tradition. Many researchers in the natural sciences distrust any approach that must weigh odds in assessing results. Students of the newer physics have learned to gamble scientifically in their explorations of the atomic nucleus, however, and what Dr. Meier has to say commands their respect. The thesis he propounds here was first advanced in the pages of the *American Journal of Physics*, which is published for the American Association of Physics Teachers by the American Institute of Physics. Since 1949 Dr. Meier has involved himself in a widening series of attempts to synthesize and teach collective social responsibility in science: first as a Fulbright Fellow in Manchester, England; then in socio-economic planning at the University of Chicago; now at the Mental Health Research Institute of the University of Michigan. He says his hobby is "being a scientific generalist."

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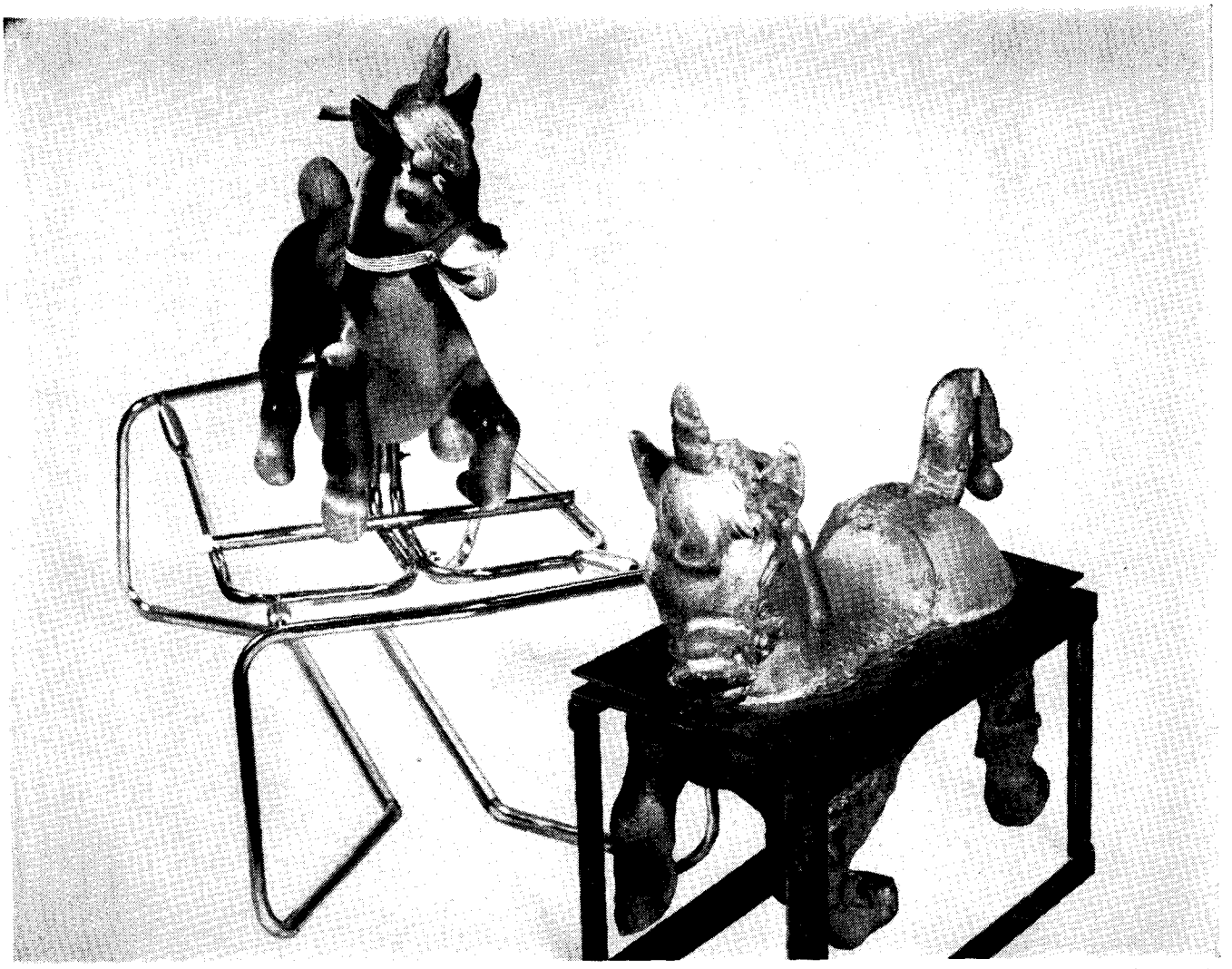

Shown at right, the 76-pound electroformed copper mold in which the beautifully detailed, 28" vinyl plastisol hobby horses are cast. Mold is made by Plated Moulds, Inc., Yonkers, N. Y.

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The Summons to Science

MAN is breaking with the past, its limitations, and its safeguards. The price is greater than ever before—so are the risks. The question is not, "Do we like this?" The question is, "What role do the people of the United States wish to play in the drama of the future?" We cannot hide. We must not relax. How can we play a noble part?

What concerns us here is far and away larger than any question about a satellite, or even about a battery of long-range guided missiles, although these dramatic devices have precipitated discussion, and have produced a readiness to consider drastic action.

We are in fact saying that man is on the very edge of a new relation to the atom, to the cell, to himself, and to the universe in which he is set. Many forces have been active, but clearly it is science which has been chiefly instrumental in bringing about this new relation. The new relation will place new demands on all man's resources—especially on his capacity to handle this new power with restraint and decency. . . .

What faces man is not, in any restricted sense, a scientific problem. Scientific issues are vitally and almost universally involved. The special knowledge of the scientist is necessary, to be sure; but that knowledge would be powerless or dangerous if it were not effectively pooled with the contributions of social scientists, humanists, statesmen, and philosophers and brought to the service of all segments of our society.

What on earth—excuse us, it is difficult to adjust—what in the universe ought we to do? The scientists certainly have no arrogant illusion that they have the answers. But they do want to help. At the very least, they have the duty of briefing their colleagues in other fields. They are moreover, convinced that the time is overripe for a more understanding collaboration between their special profession and the rest of society.

—AAAS Parliament of Science
Steering Committee,
Dr. Warren Weaver, *Chairman.*

---

working with an *ad hoc* model of a socioeconomic system which contains only a few relevant variables. It is their simplified mental picture of the way the world really works in this particular area of human experience. Everything else is assumed to stay constant or on the trend line. In such a scheme they are able to make propositions about relationships between factors in the model which can be confirmed by scrutinizing the interaction of those factors in the known past. By consulting some minutiae in the records, or some prior experiment, evidence may be adduced pro and con. Some microcosm which is known in great detail may be analyzed in the imagination as if it were being affected by the innovation. If this happens to be the world around the investigators, the milieu in which they grew up, so much the better. Then they can plumb their own experiences with profit. They may also suggest experiments which can be carried out as tests of their propositions.

Thus in a series of cases, each one spanning a variety of possible futures, the implications of the innovation can be assessed. By statistical analysis they can even establish the degree of assurance a decision maker might have in the projections presented—*as long as the assumptions underlying the case remain valid.* If conditions change so that none of the cases studied is immediately relevant, the analysis may still have value because it will have spotted most of the key variables, and a quick follow-up survey by the administrator may meet the requirements of policy makers.

Scientists make such projections when they appraise the value of a new laboratory technique, market researchers do much the same thing for a new product, and the procedure is one of the routines in research and development of every new industrial project of significant dimensions. Bankers are confident enough in the results obtained that they will often lend money on the basis of such projections, even if the product or service has never existed before.

With these rather obvious techniques, and with the *ad hoc* model, one can make a first approximation of the economic and social implications of the innovation being studied. Studies of past social changes brought about by technological change suggest further exploration.

OFTEN the study of a single innovation by itself, carrying through all the projections that are associated with it, leads to the conclusion that it should have a trivial impact. However, it is not uncommon that two or three small-scale innovations converge and a transition with major consequences occurs. The results are not simply additive; the combination turns out to be explosive. (Much more rarely a development with all the earmarks of importance is neutralized by convergence with some little-known development.)

Identifying the effects of the convergence of two or more innovations is much more risky than appraising each innovation independently. Predicting convergence or the lack of it before it happens is equally risky. However, by being alert to the phenomenon of convergence, the investigator can make surveys of the current state of knowledge which will markedly reduce the chances for surprise. Again the administrative scientist, if he is given a chance to keep up with the highlights in scientific developments, can be extremely helpful here because he is in a position to retain a broader perspective than the investigator. He sees more things coming and can judge whether the barriers standing in the way of one sequence of innovations will be demolished by some other upwelling of ingenuity. If he spots potential convergences, their identities immediately suggest problems to be faced, and more research to be carried out.

At this stage one can begin to visualize a most complicated analysis which is to be presented to the policy maker through the good services of the administrative scientist. There are likely to be a half-dozen or a dozen interesting alternative cases to be presented. Should only a few of the most probable be selected?

Present day procedure in science administration usually leaves little choice. The administrator is expected to fit into the style of the particular decision-making center to which he has been attached. Sometimes only the conclusions are passed on, more often they may be reinforced with key arguments, and occasionally they may be illustrated by an example or two. Too often the style in which the reports are to be presented (if they are to be made orally, for instance) was designed for the presentation of nonscientific and nontechnical information. Treating the anticipated impact of an innovation in the same manner cannot lead to the most desirable levels of clarity of understanding. It is probable that devices are needed which make this information easy to communicate.

One such device—it might be called the "looking backward" technique—is a special form of fancy occasionally employed by scientists in order to jog their own imaginations: It starts out with a situation anticipated as likely to come about at some point in the future and proceeds to describe a plausible chain of developments which would explain how the society ar-

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rived at such a state. It can be used to illustrate some of the most likely convergences, the sequences of action and reaction that are to be expected, the rates of change, the parts of society most affected, the over-all dimensions, etc. The principal difficulty of such a technique is that it has been employed by utopians and, more recently, science fiction writers, so that it lacks seriousness for many people. It is well known that novelists embroider their pictures of the future to suit their own predilections, and to achieve dramatic effect, so the suspicion will always remain that the writer, even if a scientist, had not resisted temptation. Nevertheless, if it is carried out at all well, no other technique promises to take care of so many otherwise unconnected phenomena so succinctly.

The practical experience of scientists who have acted for a time as consultants to executives and top administrators suggests that more often than not the characteristics of the decisions to be made in the future regarding innovations have not been correctly grasped by the executive. Often these misapprehensions continue to exist until the time to decide has arrived, and then they are the occasion for surprise on the part of the executive, and are followed by makeshift decisions or costly postponements. Therefore the administrative scientist, and the small group deputized to work with him, would do well *not* to take the executive at his word and do some careful thinking themselves as to various alternative environments and antecedents circumscribing the decisions. It may be discovered, perhaps, that some of these situations generate new and interesting futures which are as likely to come off as those in the direction envisaged by the decision maker.

One thing is ordinarily left out when the group of scientists convey the results of their work to the administrative scientist for transmittal to responsible persons in the policy-making apparatus. These are the appraisals of the *probability* of alternative outcomes.

Communicating a conception of the odds, or a system for quick estimation of the odds, is a process that has usually been treated in the past by a careful choice of vocabulary and an even more careful placement of emphasis. However, it is often necessary to work with abstracts and summaries of such reports, in which case almost all the precautions are lost. It would be better to prepare numerical odds or, if that seems to yield a misleading impression of the existing ability to predict, at least a rank-ordering of possibilities or an assessment of equivalences of likelihood with some other independent events.

NORMALLY the report of the investigations of the impact of an innovation would end here. However, the group should anticipate one reaction on the part of the administrative scientist with whom they work. He realizes that he may be asked to get still better information on the subject than could be obtained within the limits of time and budget available up till then. He would like to know what kinds of research effort would be most likely to yield relevant information. Recommendations for follow-through research are often a significant result of exploratory investigations. In many instances they belong in the report itself, as a form of appendix.

The administrative scientist, being closer to the policy-making focus, must make many further judgments as to how the report may best be used. Very possibly the major impact it may have is in his own recommendations for the allocation of research funds. His professional interest in rational decision making would suggest other ways and means. An almost universal reaction, for instance, would be to recommend that the study be published in the most appropriate journal because it might have utility in the making of many decisions outside his organization and it might aid in the generation of new ideas.

What has evolved here is a highly bureaucratic, almost mechanistic, approach to the handling of responsibility for the social and economic consequences of scientific developments. Most scientists have an aesthetic sense which is repelled by the lack of order and clarity surrounding the policy making process and so would not be expected to enthuse over this solution. They value unambiguous outcomes most highly and choose to steer their investigations in directions where it is easy to distinguish between fact and fantasy. Nevertheless, an important fraction of them could play a role on the investigative team quite competently, should they be asked, and substantial numbers have the patience and wisdom required for the role of administrative scientist. Looked at from the point of view of a society which is trying at least to maintain itself, but prefers to grow and expand in a balanced fashion, this seems to be a proper way to employ scientists.

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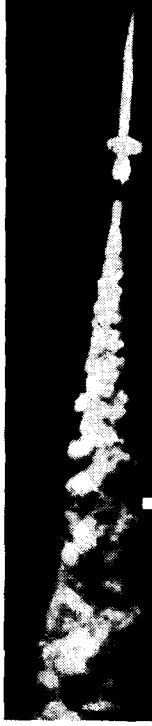

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The World in Space

The Story of the International Geophysical Year

By ALEXANDER MARSHACK

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXIV

SCIENTIST OF STATECRAFT: SYMBOL OF NEW POWER

Dr. Wallace R. Brode's Appointment as State Department Science Adviser Opens a New Era in Diplomacy

WASHINGTON, D.C.

AT 5 o'clock on the afternoon of January 13, 1958, Dr. Wallace R. Brode straightened his husky shoulders and thereby summoned to an attitude of attention the 210 pounds of muscle in his 6 feet 3 inches of egg-headed masculinity. He tightened the square of his underjaw, solemnly focussed his close-set eyes beneath the protecting eaves of his bushy brows, raised his right hand with the trace of stiffness that defines all such occasions, and swore to be loyal to his new responsibility as Science Adviser to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

On subsequently reporting for work, a few minutes before 8 a.m., Dr. Brode discovered that the State Department does not officially waken until 9 o'clock in the morning. Instead of spending that extra hour in bed on the days that followed, he rose on his usual early-bird schedule, drove the few blocks from his Connecticut Avenue home to the laboratory that belonged to the job he had taken leave from on the previous Friday night at the National Bureau of Standards, and ran some chemical experiments there. Then he got into his car again and drove across town to arrive at his new desk in the Department of State on time.

Many men would find this a wearisome routine. Brode repeats it daily with delight. Gusto might be a better word, for he's back in the lab each Saturday, after the government's working week is done. He has always been a chemist, he is proud of being a chemist, he intends to continue a chemist without relinquishing any of the accumulating involvements in administration which he accepts as part of the modern scientist's role in a democratic society. For all his quiet speech, deliberate mannerisms and disarmingly agreeable expression, this 57-year-old retains many characteristics of a young man in a hurry. How long even a person with his drive and ambition can hold his present pace with an office on each shoulder (his leave as Associate Director of NBS extends through the next year) may actually be decided by the rightness of his own appraisal of the place of science in world affairs.

The intellectual fascination of research is a major trend in modern civilization, Dr. Brode believes. Science has become, in his mind at least, an active constituent of international policy. Liaisons which once depended on the personal politics of intermarrying dynasties or deviously networked banking house directorates now are beginning to hinge on global sharing of the search for knowledge. If science should prove the one avenue of real communication through the Iron Curtain, the new Science Adviser would not be surprised.

Though he served as the Paris link in the chain of Science Attaches which was forged for World War II and so felt the frustration that accompanied the breaking of that chain by appropriation cuts and administrative near-sightedness after 1952, Dr. Brode admits no fear of failure in his reentry of the world arena. On the contrary, he accepts his appointment as "a definite move to adjust our foreign policy to the impacts of current scientific developments."

"I was agreeably impressed," he told me in a recent interview, "by the large amount of business I found waiting on my doorstep when I opened shop. It is obvious that there are a lot of people here who are interested in science and that they want the scientific viewpoint on their problems. For example, can you drill on the continental shelf of someone else's continent even though you are a couple of hundred miles offshore? Oceanographers want to bore holes in the floor of the sea and bring up cores to study formation of islands and atolls. Likewise in the upper atmosphere—if you send up weather balloons and the wind blows them the wrong way, are you violating someone else's territorial rights by recording the data the balloons radio down to Earth? Or should there be a gentleman's agreement that research for publication in the scientific literature is an operation that transcends now known lines of demarcation?"

The nine science attaches he expects to name (none before late spring or early summer) will be no mere scientific vacuum cleaners moving about with a great hum and scooping up all the loose information lying about. Rather, their role will be that of policy advisers to their respective Ambassadors, the aim being to increase scientific understanding and cooperation as a buttress to the Department's other efforts to make and keep friends.

Such an operation cannot proceed in isolation. To keep the Attaches abroad informed of what is happening at home, Secretary Dulles's new aide intends to enlist a domestic staff to evaluate and pass on reports from American scientific publications and meetings. "We are maintaining close liaison with such groups as Dr. Killian's office (in the White House), the National Science Foundation, and Departments of the government, including Defense," he reports, adding: "We expect to advise various commissions on space, distance, time, and standards." In his terminology, it should be noted, space extends "in all directions."

DR. BRODE's judgment of the current emphasis on space travel may prove to be something other than the State Department anticipated. Not long ago, he made it very clear that he thought the advances in biology, human relations and physical sciences apart from missile and rocket work are far more important than the sensational launching of Russia's Sputniks.

His reaction to the Sputniks is nonetheless sobering. As a member of the Harvard-MIT Eclipse Expedition to Siberia in 1936, he toured Russia and met many Soviet scientists. He recalls, "I was very much impressed with the type of work they did then. Their present situation hasn't been brought about by a sudden burst of speed. It takes time, as we well know."

Like most scientists today, Dr. Brode has strong feelings on current scientific issues, such as secrecy. In testimony before the House Government Information Subcommittee, he suggested that classification is being

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—National Bureau of Standards.

Dr. Wallace R. Brode.

handled on too piecemeal a basis to be both fair and effective. He said there should be a central classification center and a time limit on classification, after which, in absence of compelling reasons to the contrary, a document would be automatically published in the open literature.

America's new top science diplomat is a second generation scientist. His father, the late Dr. Howard S. Brode, professor of biology at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington, stimulated an interest in science among his four sons by making them into a hiking class of nature students. All four earned bachelor of science degrees at their father's school. Wallace and Robert became physical scientists, Stanley and Malcolm biologists. At a recent reception for Wallace Brode, brother Robert, now professor of physics at the University of California in Berkeley, happened to be present. A somewhat cynical science reporter was heard to quip, "Which twin wears the glasses?" While the comment passed over the heads of some of the guests, others laughed because they knew better. Although Wallace and Robert are identical (one wears glasses more than the other) they were not born twins, but rather triplets. Malcolm, who died a few years ago, was the third of the trio.

Wallace Brode went on from Whitman to the University of Illinois where he earned his doctorate in 1925 under Roger Adams. His first post-graduate job was as a chemist at the National Bureau of Standards. When he returned from a Guggenheim Fellowship in Europe, he became a professor of organic chemistry at The Ohio State University, where he taught for 20 years. World War II took him to Paris and from there, as Science Attache, to the front lines to question German scientists as they were liberated. Back home again, he headed the science department of the Naval Ordnance Test Station at Inyokern, California for a time before his appointment in 1948 as associate director of the National Bureau of Standards.

Dr. Brode is active in many scientific societies. In addition to the presidency of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (in which capacity he will preside over the Parliament of Science mentioned on page 41), he holds a directorship in the American Chemical Society, is chairman of the Scientific Research Society of America, and treasurer of Science Service. He also edits the Journal of the Optical Society of America.

Still, he finds or takes time to direct experimental work which has earned him an international reputation as an authority on organic chemistry, spectroscopy, and the mechanism of dyeing. He manages to publish one or two papers a year and has one now on the presses describing his latest work on why some dyes when mixed together do not always give the color expected.

Dr. Brode teaches millions of students by indirection. He has been the principal promoter of a form of molecular models in which colored balls and wooden pegs are arranged to represent the structure of organic molecules. In the twenty-five years that these tinkertoy-like gadgets have been available, nearly 2 million hydrogen atoms and proportional numbers of other prototype atoms have been sold.

NOT all the Brode story is Dr. Brode's. A good part of it belongs to his wife, Ione (Sunny), a bright and pert woman who in addition to being a housewife, is a student of American Indian folklore. She grew up in South Dakota near an Indian reservation while her husband-to-be, unbeknown to her, was learning about Northwest Indians. Since their marriage they have shared Indian lore as a hobby, collecting a vast number of artifacts and meeting a great many Indians.

Hi-Fi and photography occupy what spare time the Brodes have left. His enlargements of his own pictures are collector's items at the Bureau of Standards. His enthusiasm for high-fidelity is expressed in a do-it-yourself player-recorder that takes up a good part of one wall in the Brode living room.

"The experiment," as Diplomat Brode refers to the Department of State's re-vivified science program, is now getting under way. Chemist Brode's friends are waiting to see how far this investigation of human affairs will mix with the other kinds of experiments whose measurements are safely confined within his laboratory walls.

—HOWARD SIMONS.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE STANDING ROOM FEE

Man Pays for Upright Carriage with a Kinked Backbone

EVOLUTION is one of the subjects upon which the laymen have long felt themselves entitled to express an opinion; formerly, the opinion that evolution does not occur; latterly, that it does not occur in the way that biologists now suppose. The chief among several causes of their present discontent is approximately as follows. Biologists believe that evolution has come about through the action of material forces, in the sense that it does not unfold itself according to a preordained purpose or superimposed design. To laymen, an argument which takes no account of design or purpose or Aristotelian Final Causes is utterly unsatisfying and implausible. How can mere unguided material forces be responsible for the miraculous optical engineering of the eye; for the exquisite functional aptitude of a bird's wings; for the almost finicky precision of mimicry? Is it not going a little too far to impute these splendid accomplishments to what Bacon called the "casual felicity of particular events?"

These are intelligible complaints, but they are founded upon a misconception, namely, that evolution is a perfectionist process. The eye, for example, is beset by chromatic and spherical aberration, and is not correctly centred along its optical axis; Helmholtz, the grand master of physiological optics, said that an optician would be ashamed to make an instrument with such elementary physical faults. Many of the perplexities of laymen might be set at rest if it could be shown that evolution is very much a fallible, makeshift affair, and that loss of fitness in one regard is often the charge for some more-than-compensating gain. I choose the imperfections of man as the subject of this essay, because man's superlative biological status is hardly to be questioned. . . .

• • •

Man's upright carriage may be a continual source of moral satisfaction, but it has serious mechanical drawbacks. Man is unique among four-legged animals in being able to stand erect, on the flat of his feet, and to balance himself in that position. (Even gorillas do not stand upright more than momentarily, and they walk not on the flats but upon the outer margins of their feet.) The shape of the backbone has changed accordingly. In all other animals, with unimportant exceptions, the backbone is more nearly horizontal than vertical, and it takes the form of a single unkinked or uninflected arc from neck to tail. The 'vertebral column' is not a column at all, but is more like a cantilever having the four legs as piers. The vertebral column of a human being is no longer a simple uninflected arc; it bends slightly forwards in the neck, slightly backwards in the thoracic cage; forwards again in the lumbar region, the small of the back, and backwards in the fused vertebrae that form the sacrum. That is the mature pattern; in development, the neck flexure appears somewhat before birth, and the lumbar flexure between the ninth and eighteenth months of age.

An upright stance imposes new and peculiar stresses upon the spinal column. The support of weight imposes a force acting down the vertical long axis, which tends to compress the vertebrae upon themselves. The angle of their apposition is responsible for a shearing force between the bottom-most lumbar vertebra and the sacrum: and general flexional strains become very apparent when stooping to pick up weights. To cope with these new forces (for such, in an evolutionary sense, they are) man inherits only the standard outfit of muscles and ligaments, and the muscular bracing of the neck and lumbar region leaves much to be desired.

What suffers from the wear and tear of habitual use is not, primarily, the vertebrae themselves, but the tissues lying between them. The bodies of the vertebrae are not set against each other face to face; on the contrary, about one-quarter of the total height of the column (more in the lumbar region) is occupied by peculiar solid intervertebral joints. Each joint forms a so-called intervertebral disk—a central nucleus of semi-fluid consistency, which embodies or presents the remnant of the embryonic notochord; contained within a tough fibrous ring, the annulus, in which the fibres are disposed cylindrically in coaxial rings; the whole being bounded above and below by flat cartilaginous plates. The whole organ has been described by one of its leading students, Ormond Beadle, as a hydrodynamic ball bearing.

The bearings may give in a variety of different ways. Under repeated flexion of the spinal column when it is taking weight, the nucleus may gape through a weakness in the fibrous ring which normally contains it, press against the posterior ligament, and even encroach upon the spinal canal. Alternatively, as if by the insistent action of 'telescoping' forces, nuclear matter may break through perforations in the cartilaginous plates and obtrude into the vertebral bodies, which are made of spongy rather than of compact and concentrated bone. In recent years, the opinion has been gaining ground (perhaps too rapidly) that many disabilities which have been loosely classified as sciatica, lumbago and vague rheumaticky back pains are due to abnormalities of the intervertebral disks; the immediate causes of pain may still be debatable—for example, as to whether or not mere chronic pressure on a nerve root can cause inflammation and thereby pain—but their anatomical origin seems pretty certain.

THE exhaustive anatomical studies of the Dresden pathologist Schmorl have led the way to a conclusion of more general biological interest, that the spinal column is the first organ in man to "age," that is, to show the deterioration consequent upon aging. Pathological changes, it has been said, are detectable as early as the eighteenth year of life. The deterioration of the spinal column provides, indeed, what is perhaps the best example of a process of aging which at least *begins* by being a consequence of the cumulative effects of wear and tear—of chronic functional attrition, as opposed to the 'innate deterioration,' which takes place independently of abuse, or even use.

Man's upright stance has incomparable advantages, perhaps above all in providing for his principal physical (as opposed to mental) asset, manual dexterity, but it takes its toll in the vulnerability of the spine.

—P. W. MEDAWAR,
in "The Uniqueness of the Individual"
(Basic Books, $4).

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Univ. of Texas.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *The disease of alcoholism is familiar to us all. It destroys individuals, impoverishes families, strews painful death on the public roads. Alcoholics Anonymous has pioneered in its treatment through a psychology of understanding and sympathy. Drugs have been used to hold its victims away from the bottle. But all this happens after damage has been done. Can science find no way to prevent the affliction? Dr. Roger J. Williams thinks it may. Through his work as director of the Biochemical Institute at the University of Texas he has come to see alcoholism as a hunger which must be satisfied like any other hunger: that is, with effective nutrition. If enough researchers can be consistently on this frontier, he is confident that alcoholism can be abolished.*

ROGER J. WILLIAMS
University of Texas

THE way seems clear ahead, and I am fully convinced that alcoholism can be brought under scientific control within a very few years, if those who are interested are reasonably diligent. Potential sufferers can be detected now or in the immediate future and, by careful attention to their nutrition, the disease can be prevented.

I am not so naive as to suggest that we can in a short time cause all potential victims to be detected, force them effectively to control their nutrition, and thus do away with the disease. As scientists, we can, however, put into the hands of the public the tools whereby alcoholism, said to be our fourth most important disease, can be abolished.

These bold statements have admittedly to do with the future, but they have a very substantial basis in the present.

Alcoholism is clearly not a disease which afflicts "man," a hypothetical being. It afflicts only *certain individuals who are and always remain alcoholism-prone for life.* These "certain individuals" must in some way be different from their fellows at the other end of the scale who are "alcoholism-resistant" for life.

To face the problem squarely, a line must be drawn between those differences which are predominantly induced by environment and those which have a genetic background. There has been resistance to the idea that genetic factors may be involved, because of the supposition that "if heredity is involved, we can do nothing about it." This supposition is quite erroneous. For genetic reasons human beings have little hair on their bodies. Does this prevent them from wearing clothes?

A multitude of tragedies strongly suggests that genetic factors are involved in alcoholism. That the disease has its basis in inheritance does not mean, however, that alcoholism cannot be prevented. Effective research in our laboratories both with experimental animals and with human beings has discovered differences relating to the appetite-regulating cells and tissues in our brains. In some individuals, these differences result in inadequate nutrition and consequent susceptibility to alcohol poisoning. Complete nourishment always makes cells and tissues more resistant to poisoning, and this is plainly the remedial route.

Nutrition being only as strong as its weakest link, it is not easy to know in the case of a specific alcoholism-prone individual, what his unusual needs may be. However, we have been able repeatedly in individual cases to "hit the spot" with nutritional supplements, so that the alcohol craving has, as if by miracle, disappeared. The fact that this has happened many times, coupled with much background knowledge of why the supplements we have used should not be expected to function with complete success in all cases, leads us to think that for every alcoholic the proper nutritional supplements will abolish the craving.

Psychological factors definitely do enter into the disease. If one were to ask me on the basis of present evidence whether I regard alcoholism as a "mental disease," I would have to give an affirmative answer. But I would say this with the knowledge and belief that schizophrenia is not merely a "mental disease"; it is a physiological and biochemical disease, too. We are relatively ignorant about how psychological factors influence physiology, but we know that they do. It is not always possible to draw a hard and fast line and say *this* aspect of one's life is biochemical while *this* is psychological. We human beings are not built in compartments.

The use of "vitamin pills" (most any variety) does not constitute a cure-all. The right kind of vitamin supplement is capable of working wonders *in some cases if taken faithfully,* but there is a world of difference between vitamin preparations. Many of the specific drug store products are conspicuously compounded to sell rather than to meet physiological needs. Most of those alcoholics who are induced to "try vitamins" are sufficiently irregular and sporadic in their use so that even if the preparation used were ideal, the rehabilitation results would still be highly unsatisfactory. Vitamins are but links in the nutrition chain; the cells and tissues involved either directly or indirectly in appetite regulations need minerals, amino acids from proteins, and other nutritional elements. In every case the nutrition must supply the particular individual with plenty of *everything* that his appetite regulating center, as well as the rest of his body, needs.

Nutrition prevention of alcoholism should be far less exacting than repair after serious damage already has been done. We have made progress toward detecting alcoholism-prone individuals before they become alcoholics. In a recent study we identified eleven items involving blood morphology and blood and urine chemistry which are sufficiently different for alcoholics than for non-alcoholics. While the recognition of susceptibility to alcoholism in individuals before they become alcoholic cannot be regarded as an accomplished fact, it seems highly probable that dependable tests can be developed within a comparatively short time. The time will depend, of course, upon how many laboratories attack the problem in a constructive manner and how much manpower is put into the problem.

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Jungle of Hugeness

Continued from page 13

gradated sizes. Thus, the great automobile companies are surrounded by a cluster of medium-sized parts producers and suppliers and by a great cloud of little gas stations. The two Giant Powers are surrounded by a cluster of Middle Powers and a swarm of small buffer-states and satellites. The empirical evidence for an almost universal pattern of this kind is overwhelming, though the theoretical models which have been devised to account for the phenomenon are not wholly satisfactory. The rise of larger organizations then does not destroy, or even necessarily displace the smaller; it merely adds an octave at the top to the great stave of size distributions.

Thus, in absolute numbers, there may well be more small independent proprietors, more independent craftsmen, more people living in small towns and working in small establishments, and even more people living in small countries, than before the rise of giant corporations, giant cities, and giant states. Nevertheless, the *proportion* of people working in large organizations continually increases, and is likely to increase further as the scale barrier continues to be pushed back. This raises serious, though not perhaps insoluble problems for those who are concerned for the dignity and independence of the person, and for the orderly progress of society. In the first place, the removal of *internal* barriers to the growth of organizations is likely to result in an increase of conflict among them, as they grow to the point where it is the *external* barriers (the opposition of other organizations) which are the only effective limits on expansion.

Where the internal barriers to growth (decreasing returns to scale) operate strongly the number of organizations is large and the relations among them approximate to what the economists call "perfect competition." This means oddly enough the *absence* of conflict, for the effects of any action by one organization is diffused over such a large number of its competitors that none of them perceive it as a threat. When the scale barrier is pushed back organizations grow to the point where there are only a few left in competition; we then have a condition known to the economist as oligopoly, where conflict is intense, for each organization can expand only at the obvious expense of the others, Sometimes the conflict becomes so intense that the whole system breaks down, and the organizations either destroy each other (like the two cats of Kilkenny) or merge or subordinate themselves into a larger super-organization.

This seems to be what is happening in the international sphere: the old system of national defense, which worked at least passably as long as the internal scale barrier kept the optimum size of the independent state reasonably small, is now threatened with complete breakdown as a result of the rise in the "viable size" of the state to the point where possibly *no* state is large enough to be defended.

Secondly, the rise in the scale of organizations raises serious questions for the freedom and dignity of the person. The price that we pay for organization is hierarchy, and even though the force of disloyalty and insubordination (without which, of course, progress would probably be impossible) acts as an important check on the growth of hierarchy, the fact remains that the removal of other barriers to large scale means that a larger and larger proportion of people are going to have to live their lives as subordinate members of a hierarchy. The problem of the defense of the individual against his hierarchical superiors therefore becomes more and more acute.

THERE seem to be three main lines of defense. The first comes from the superiors themselves. We have seen that the dependent relationship of the subordinates tends to corrupt the information system of the organization. Consequently, it is in the interest of the organization itself, especially as represented by its "top dogs," to create independence and to diminish subordination up to a point. This is one reason why organizations develop "staff" organizations which stand apart from the "line" hierarchy. It is an important reason for the development of "independent" information suppliers: auditors to check on the accountants, management consultants to check on the junior executives, "Willmark" operatives to check on sales clerks, and private detectives to check on everybody. It is an important reason also for the acceptance of "tenure" and "seniority"—devices which at times hamper the executive in reorganizing his role-occupants but which also give these occupants a certain necessary independence of the executive.

The second line of defense might be generally described as "constitutionality." This is the development of means of protecting the individual from the arbitrary or unreasonable power of his superiors by hedging the relationship around with previously agreed rules and regulations, limitations, and "due processes." In a sense, constitutionality goes back as far in human history as law itself, but the idea of a rule to protect the individual against his "superior" is mainly a product of the great eighteenth-century revolutions. We now seem to be engaged in extending notions of constitutionality into "private" organizations as well as the "public" organization of the state. One of the major accomplishments of the labor movement is the introduction of constitutionality into the industrial relationship, so that a man has some protection against his boss as well as against his government. The development of constitutionality is closely related to what Galbraith calls "countervailing power"—that is, the development of "protective" organizations within an existing organizational structure; parliament as against the king, labor unions as against business, agricultural organizations as against the urban-dominated society, and so on.

The third line of defense is still the labor market. As along as there is more than one organization, the ability of the individual to quit one and join another is an important check on unsatisfactory hierarchical relations. When the Reformation destroyed the monopoly of religion, it also destroyed much of the power of the church hierarchy over the church members; the power of church members to quit is a more effective "countervailing power" than any amount of counter-organization. The ability to emigrate is a much smaller check on the power of states, but still it operates in a degree; certainly the *inability* to emigrate weakens the individual as against his government. The ability to quit an employer is probably a more powerful influence on the industrial relationship than any amount of trade unionism; this is why continuous full employment is likely to weaken the labor movement.

The conclusion seems to be that the state of the individual in a world of organization is both dangerous and hopeful. There might be worse conclusions.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Masefield: "The Everlasting Mercy." 2. Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "Aurora Leigh." 3. Owen Meredith: "Lucile." 4. Wordsworth: "The White Doe of Rylstone." 5. Hardy: "The Dynasts." 6. George Eliot: "The Spanish Gypsy." 7. Macaulay: "Horatius at the Bridge." 8. Keats: "The Eve of St. Agnes." 9. Tennyson: "Enoch Arden." 10. Robert Browning: "The Flight of the Duchess."

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1249

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Bibulous.	45 132 9 191 116 32 172 163 83
B. State of being black.	101 133 20 121 137 199 12 43
C. Ceased; omitted from (2 wds.).	14 53 187 110 80 27 170
D. Said of gossipy tongues.	162 127 99 111 123 33 140 76
E. Dexter limbs; the correct long, slender supports (2 wds.).	200 124 138 50 73 28 21 134 152
F. What a man's a man for (2 wds.).	8 171 131 23 88 19 68
G. Specifying a limp bookbinding which extends over the edges.	114 71 164 7 41 90
H. Said of somebody riding a bicycle.	24 120 128 181 144 55
I. Popular pet, one of the smallest hounds.	169 113 107 85 185 198 81 161 98
J. Doctrine that all things work together for good.	178 126 190 62 67 155 40 57
K. In mechanics, the minimum shearing stress required to produce continuous deformation in a solid (2 wds.).	100 94 130 18 104 192 149 158 56 195
L. Occupying the extreme interior.	65 75 189 186 39 96
M. Any illumination after dark; esp. small bulbs for much used, or dangerous, places in a household (2 wds.).	109 183 36 4 77 64 44 35 143 156 119

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Nourishing drink, esp. for the Victorian invalid.	5 82 173 150 91 66
O. English composer, professor of piano, Royal Coll. of Music (1859-1937).	38 106 148 179 146 34
P. Restoration to freshness, vigor, etc.	102 11 147 31 60 74 95 151
Q. Most delicate; gentlest.	70 61 141 180 84 58 22 52
R. Citizens of the U.S., to the rest of the world.	2 142 122 46 168 177 93
S. Islands forming the southern chain of the Lesser Antilles, except Barbados, Trinidad, Tobago.	92 103 184 115 49 166 17 59
T. Chloris's youthful charm, which "could beget no pleasure, nor no pain" (2 wds.).	136 125 176 89 25 175 1 16 196 10 188 159
U. Without word of current events.	48 86 135 42 165 129 87 69
V. Whence the medieval ladies waved goodbye to their crusading knights (2 wds.).	197 160 153 108 182 117 139 72 26 6 30
W. In all directions.	105 15 157 79 167 194 174 51 3 63 47 37
X. One of the structures which serve certain mollusks as olfactory organs.	112 78 13 118 97 54 154 29 145 193

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 T	2 R	■	3 W	4 M	5 N	■	6 V	7 G	8 F	9 A	10 T	11 P	■	12 B	13 X	14 C
15 W	16 T	17 S	■	18 K	19 F	20 B	21 E	■	22 Q	23 F	24 H	25 T	26 V	■	27 C	28 E
29 X	30 V	31 P	32 A	33 D	34 O	35 M	■	36 M	37 W	38 O	39 L	40 J	41 G	42 U	■	43 B
44 M	45 A	46 R	47 W	48 U	■	49 S	50 E	51 W	52 Q	53 C	■	54 X	55 H	56 K	57 J	58 Q
59 S	■	60 P	61 Q	62 J	63 W	■	64 M	65 L	66 N	67 J	68 F	■	69 U	70 Q	71 G	72 V
73 E	74 P	75 L	76 D	■	77 M	78 X	79 W	80 C	81 I	82 N	83 A	■	84 Q	85 I	86 U	■
87 U	88 F	89 T	90 G	91 N	92 S	93 R	■	94 K	95 P	96 L	97 X	■	98 I	99 D	100 K	■
101 B	102 P	103 S	104 K	105 W	106 O	107 I	108 V	109 M	110 C	■	111 D	112 X	113 I	114 G	■	115 S
116 A	117 V	118 X	–	119 M	120 H	121 B	122 R	123 D	124 E	125 T	126 J	■	127 D	128 H	129 U	130 K
131 F	132 A	133 B	134 E	■	135 U	136 T	137 B	138 E	139 V	140 D	141 Q	■	142 R	■	143 M	144 H
145 X	146 O	147 P	■	148 O	149 K	150 N	151 P	152 E	■	153 V	154 X	155 J	156 M	157 W	158 K	159 T
■	160 V	161 I	■	162 D	■	163 A	164 G	165 U	166 S	167 W	168 R	169 I	■	170 C	171 F	172 A
173 N	174 W	175 T	■	176 T	177 R	178 J	179 O	180 Q	181 H	182 V	■	183 M	184 S	■	185 I	186 L
187 C	188 T	■	189 L	190 J	191 A	192 K	193 X	■	194 W	195 K	196 T	197 V	198 I	199 B	200 E	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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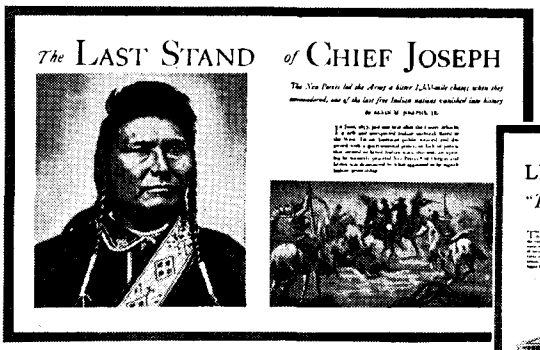

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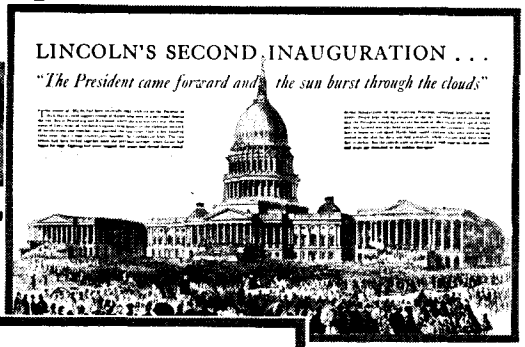

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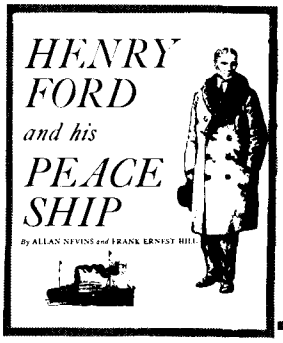

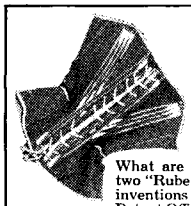

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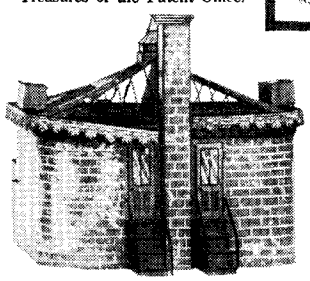
What are they? Just two "Rube Goldberg" inventions which the Patent Office received in its early days—and didn't know what to do with. In this issue, you'll enjoy an illustrated album of amusing and ingenious gadgets called "The Unwanted Treasures of the Patent Office."



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